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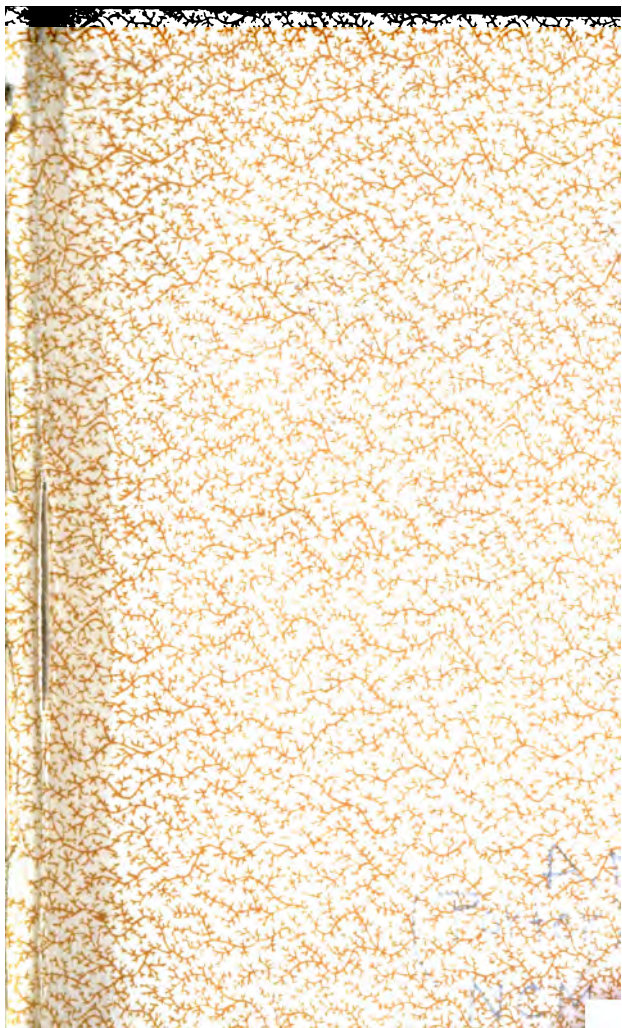
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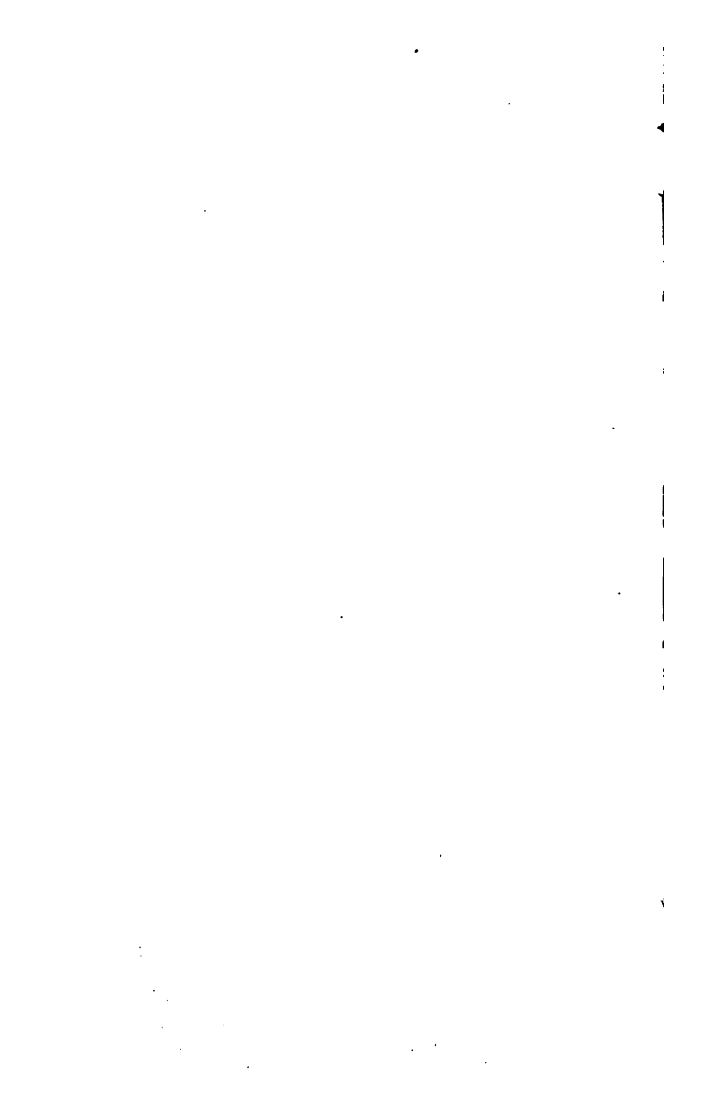
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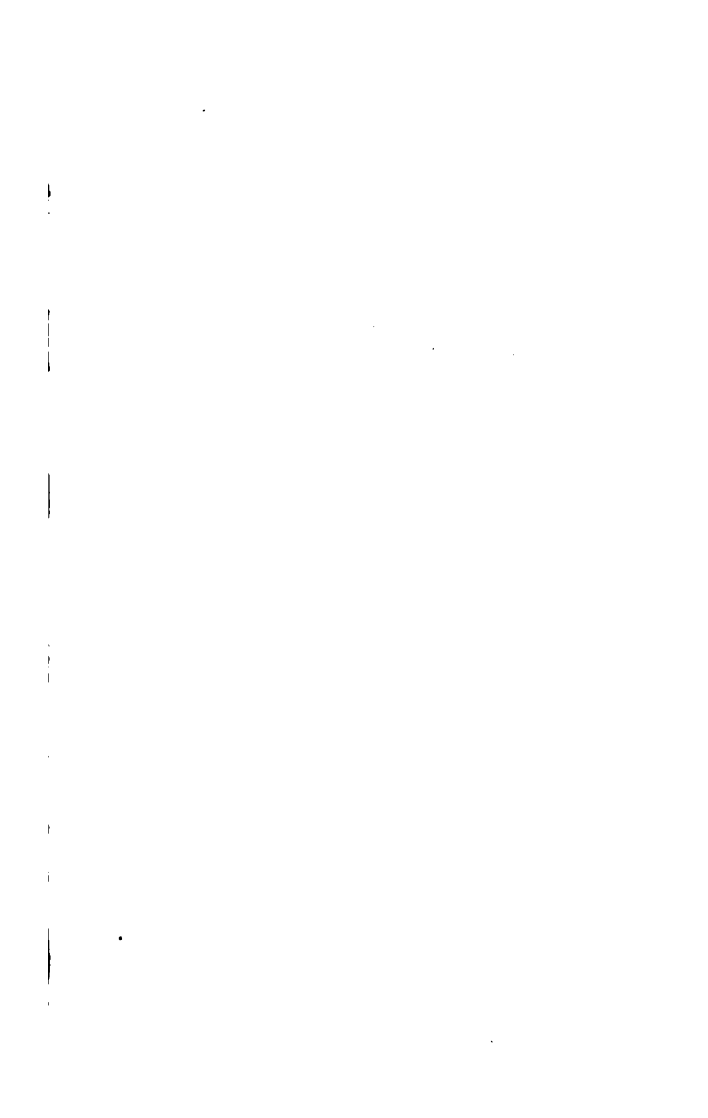
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POEMS.



St Louis
BALLAD ROMANCES,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

NEW YORK

BY MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER,
Author of the *Hungarian Brothers*, &c. &c.

LEAHY

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BALLAD ROMANCES.



EUGENE.

WHERE dark and deep yon river glides,
Thro' banks of darker, deeper shade,
There never oar the wave divides,
Nor living feet the shores invade:

Where trees star-proof their boughs confound,
And ravens build their tops among,
There never axe is heard to sound,
Nor hunter's shout nor woodman's song:

Where yon grey abbey's ruins rise,
With many a wreath of ivy drest,
There never breathe a lover's sighs,
In moonlight hour of tender rest.

'Tis said, that earthly sound may ne'er
Be heard thro' that accursed scene,
Tho' all beyond, fierce tempests tear,
Strewing with leaves the wood-walks green.

Or all beyond, the sweet birds sing,
And childhood's playful laugh is nigh,
And merry bells delightful ring,
And cattle low, and cuckoos cry.

Yet still to dreary silence doom'd,
In deathly peace these ruins stand;
There echo lies, in trance entombed,
And never wakes at man's command.

But once each year, in stillest night,
A shriek is heard these walls within,
A piercing shriek, that well may fright,
E'en hearts that know nor fear nor sin.

For 'tis the cry of soul condemn'd;

And they, whose blood hath once stood still

At sound like this (in vain contemn'd)

Oft freeze with well-remember'd thrill.

O never may I, loitering, eye

Those mouldering aisles, that murd'rer's bier!

And never may that fearful cry,

Burst fiend-like on my startled ear!

THE STORY.

"Come, sweetest child! the morning air

Our favorite flowers perfume;

Come! for thy grandsire's silver hair,

Let's steal the rose's bloom.

B

"He'll smile to see thy little hand
His aged temples dress,
And give thee for the sportive band,
Full many a fond caress.

"I know the place where shaded grows
The gayest rose-bush near;
It blooms where ductile Witham flows,
So deep, so cool, so clear."—

"I must not go,—I dare not go,
To breathe the morning air,
(Dear aunt, good people tell me so)
Till said my morning prayer.

"Then let me kneel, and hear me bid
God bless my kindred all,
And beg I never may be chid,
Nor ever harm befall."—

The pretty child is kneeling low,
His dark eyes rais'd to heav'n;
His young heart throbs, his bright cheeks glow,
With thanks for blessings given.

O who are there that would not catch
That sweet boy to their arms,
And from those pure lips, fondly snatch
The lisping accent's charms?

Ah! there is one, who standeth by,
A dark scowl on her brow;
Murder and scorn are in her eye,
Her knees disdain to bow.

She shudders at each pious phrase,
And turns her face aside,
Yet tries, with hurried words of praise,
Her guilty wrath to hide.

Then mutters sternest curses deep,

“Die! babbling infant, die!

Go, join thy parents’ endless sleep,

Thro’ long eternity:

“Child of the man I vainly lov’d,

The sister I abhorr’d;

Shalt thou remain (by me unmov’d)

This tower’s now-destin’d Lord?

“No! let thy death my heart repay

For years of rage and pain;

Thy meteor-light once swept away,

My star shall rule again.”—

Now forth they go, ’mid gardens fair,

And walks that wind thro’ bowers;

And still for Mowbray’s snowy hair,

Young Eugene gathers flowers.

Lilies that shine like light of day,
With sprightly greens combined,
Carnations rich, and tulips gay,
His artless fingers bind.

Still as some brighter floweret peeps
Thro' tangled underwood,
The eager child delighted creeps,
To gain its solitude.

Then as his fairy hands o'erflow
With fast-increasing store,
To Edith's grasp his treasures go,
And pleased he seeks for more.

Now o'er their dew-embellished dyes,
His heart enchanted beats;
Now softly close his sparkling eyes,
As float their balmy sweets!

See! ghastly smiles on Edith's face,
Like lurid lightnings play;
She knows, alas! these flowers will grace
Sweet Eugene's bed of clay.

Dear innocent! that eye thine seeks
So oft in childish joy,
With voice distinct, continual speaks,
"Die, babbling infant, die!"

"The sun grows hot; the roses fade,
That must our garland crown:
Haste Eugene! leave this ransack'd shade,
And seek yon thicket brown.

"There roses hang all bright with dew,
While cooling breezes rove;
And there in wat'ry glass we'll view,
The clouds that sail above."

Smiling he runs, and gains the bank,
Where Witham's waters glide,
Where mix'd with osiers tall and dank,
The wild-rose blushes wide.

But Edith on a lofty steep,
'Mid brighter roses calls;
He gazes, ventures, falters, creeps,
Grasps a thin spray,—and falls!

Who saw the ruthless knife divide
That ill-sustaining bough?
Who heard the plunge? or mark'd the tide
Splash up in foam below?

None saw the deed; but musing near,
A lonely fisher stood,
An infant's cry came on his ear,
He plunged amid the flood.

The form that in his arms he bore,
 Tho' motionless, was warm;
The lips alone, death's livery wore,
 Yet smiled with beauty's charm.

The fisher chaf'd each icy limb,
 And warm'd it with his breath,
Till slowly life in colours dim,
 Dawn'd o'er the night of death.

From the rough stranger's honest eye,
 A burst of pleasure gushed;
Pale Edith at that joyful cry,
 With shame and anger blushed.

In well-feign'd haste she homeward turns,
 And borne on Hugo's breast,
Sweet Eugene's generous bosom burns
 To see his saviour blest.

With prattling tongue (when home he gains)

His grandsire's knee he climbs,

His story tells, his hope explains,

Which points to future times.

"Go feast thee at my fullest board!

The grateful Mowbray cries,

Nor quit this castle, till its Lord

Each want, each wish supplies.

"If houseless, thou a home shalt have;

If wrong'd, my powerful aid;

None in thy name a boon shall crave,

And find their hope betrayed.

"The child thus sav'd this sacred day

By thy humanity,

Shall to thy children's children pay,

The debt he owes to thee!

"Go, feast thee then, at fullest board!

Go, quaff my brightest wine!

And may thy heart with joy be stored,

Like that it gives to mine!"

Now solemn thanks, the reverend priest,

'Mid all the household reads;

Then sounds the horn to dance and feast,

And decent mirth succeeds.

Sweet Eugene gaily sports again

With many a childish toy;

While Mowbray's (presage fond as vain!)

Believes him spar'd for joy.

Edith with well-dissembled love

Her little kinsman aids,

Connects the flowers his fingers wove,

And suits their varied shades.

The morn, the noon, the eve departs,
Night comes with funeral gloom:
Thrice shrieks the owl; pale Mowbray starts;
It blanches Eugene's bloom;—

But paler is that maiden's face
Who leads the languid child.
"Edith! what looks are these? for grace,
Why roll thy eye-balls wild?"

"Methought, sir! on the rising blast
A passing bell I heard!
Methought my sister's spirit passed!
But fancy only feared!

"Go, kiss thy grandsire, Eugene, go!
Thy dear eyes long to close;
Thy weary limbs must long to know
The sweetness of repose."

When Mowbray felt that boy's embrace,
 'Twas like a death-grasp, cold;
And when he kiss'd that blooming face,
 It smelt of new-rais'd mould!—

Now Eugene on his silken bed
 Hath laid his icy brow;
Ah! never more, shall current red
 Kindle that forehead's snow!—

“O, dearest aunt! O, sweetest aunt!
 My eyes grow wondrous dim;—
For breath—for breath I vainly pant—
 And anguish racks each limb:

“O! such a fire is in my breast;
 And yet with cold I shake.—
Alas! thy Eugene cannot rest
 If all his couch forsake:

"Then stay, dear aunt, for pity stay;

Alone must I remain?—

O! if thou'lt kneel, I'll softly pray,

And God will end my pain."—

"Yes! he will end it with thy breath;"

Inhuman Edith cries,

"The cup I gave, was drugg'd with death,

And thou no more shalt rise!"—

E'en while she speaks, the hapless child

Half lifts his heavy head,

Yields one faint cry, then wan and wild,

Sinks lifeless on his bed.—

Where are the flowers that yesterday

In groves and gardens grew?

And where is he, who smiling gay,

Shook off their brilliant dew?

In his cold coffin sleeping sweet,
That beauteous boy is laid;
And strew'd o'er his pale winding-sheet,
Those weeping flow'rets fade!

But fading flowers, and beauteous boy,
Lie in a sad embrace;
In Mowbray's aged arms they lie,
And press his marble face:—

The hour that shew'd him Eugene dead,
His own last summons gave;
Together have their spirits fled,
And now they share one grave.—

Lo! sable banners, velvet palls,
O'er Edith's castle float;
Its ample courts and lofty halls
Resound the dirge's note:

Bells toll, priests pray, and incense fumes
In many a mystic wreath;
While scutcheon'd arms, and nodding plumes,
O'erwhelm the hearse of death.

In mournful pomp, and awful pride,
The long processions go;
Low sobs and sighs on every side
From grateful bosoms flow:

With head bent down, and stifled groan,
Brave Hugo walks before;
His soul communes with saints alone,
For earthly hopes are o'er.

Then slow behind, in splendid guise,
'Mid black-robed maids appears
She whose dissembling, shrouded eyes,
Are dress'd in duteous tears:

With wimple wide, of darkest grain,
From Cyprus' distant isle,
See, Edith join the sorrowing train,
And seek the burial pile!—

Thro' aisles and cloisters wind their way,
Till in deep vaults below,
The monks and nuns in long array,
The funeral rites bestow.

Responsive to the organ's peal
That swells in vaults above,
Their low chaunts on the silence steal,
And paint celestial love.

Now softer requiems faintly breathe,
And mix with sorrow's sighs,
While to the kneeling crowd beneath,
Again sweet Eugene dies.—

Is it remorse, or wrath, or fear,
That knocks at Edith's heart,
While float their sad sounds on her ear,
And bid her conscience start?—

Quick from the dismal scene around,
She strains wild thought to lure,
By painting pleasure's fairy ground,
With wealth and power secure:

But still as fear to slumber sinks,
And triumph fires her eye,
She starts, and 'mid the requiem thinks
She hears young Eugene's cry!

Stung with keen pain, she quits the scene,
And steals thro' inner cells,
Where many a thick wall spreads its screen,
And many a pale corpse dwells;

There, nor deep sound of mourner's sob,
Nor pious hymn may come;
She only hears her wild heart throb,
She only sees a gloom.

Awhile she stands!—then, trembling, tries
The entrance to regain;
Her head swims round, her black heart dies,
She calls, but calls in vain!—

Bewilder'd, frantic, lost, dismay'd,
Now here, now there she turns;
Then loudly shrieks; that shriek for aid,
Echo alone returns!

She rushes thro' the long, long caves
That shroud the silent dead;
At the last portal vainly raves,
'Tis clos'd!—the train are fled!

Unmark'd her absence, homewards now,
That sad procession moves,
Thro' vallies low, up steep hill's brow,
Where summer's night-breeze roves;

Each plung'd in grief, to weep and pray
To his own chamber steals;
And none may marvel that the day
Still Edith's woe conceals:

But night to morn, and morn to night,
Duly again succeeds:
What! will an heiress, young and bright,
For ever wear her weeds?—

They seek, they find not; horror comes
With recollection strong;
And wildly to the vaulted tombs
Rushes the troubled throng.

Why should I tell of corpse so foul,
 (To death and demons given!)
Stamp'd with the impress of a soul,
 That out-cast was of Heaven?—

Hark! hark! I hear a dreadful cry
 Rise from that place of graves!
'Tis a fell ghost in agony,
 That at the portal raves!—

Hence, quit the scene! and close the tale,
 And lay this truth to heart,
That guilt can ne'er o'er God prevail,
 Nor 'scape his vengeful dart.

LORD MALCOLM.

THE wintry blasts are yelling round

Dunotter's lofty towers;

The wintry rain is falling deep

O'er low Glencaldon's bowers!

Dunotter's Lord, at social board,

Nor rain nor tempest hears;

Glencaldon's lonely dweller kneels,

Oppress'd with tender fears:

Dearly she loves that gallant lord,

And in a neighbouring bay

Rides the light bark which soon must waft

Earl Malcolm far away;

For he must o'er the stormy sea
On courtly message go,
From royal James to Norway's king,
No longer Scotland's foe.

And who but envies his reward?
Rich Athol's beauteous heir;
The fairest lady in the land,
Young Isabel the fair!

Graceful, by Malcolm's side she sits,
Well-pleas'd his vows to hear;
Love sparkles in her starry eye,
Undimm'd by boding tear;

The blush of health is on her cheek,
Its bright light in her eye;
And Malcolm, raptur'd with a smile,
Scarce needs the truer sigh.

He smiles, he sighs, in fitful mood,
For parting morn must come;
Tho' blest the present festal hour,
It leads to pleasure's tomb.

Yet hope is fresh! a few short moons,
And Malcolm comes again,
And Is'bel yields her willing hand'
To wedlock's silken chain!

So care avaunt! give wit and mirth
From Malcolm's lips to flow,
Let music from his hand and voice
Her sweetest gifts bestow;

And as Dunotter's ancient towers
With graceful joyance ring,
Be that the pledge of Malcolm's faith
In Is'bel and his king!—

How still! how different is the scene,
Glencaldon's groves beneath!
There only sounds the heavy storm;
Mix'd with faint sorrow's breath!

Oh! once poor Jessie shar'd the feast
In Malcolm's stately hall,
Smil'd when he smil'd, at gay discourse,
Or grac'd his sprightly ball;

And then his beaming eye has oft
Admiring pleasure fill'd;
Attention chain'd him when she sang,
Or warmer wishes thrill'd;

Briefly, he lov'd!—but she was left
An orphan desolate;
And friends and prudence chid the flame;
He yielded to his fate!

Dunedin's court chas'd thought away,
Regret soon ceas'd to bleed;
For Jessie knew not of his love,
So could not blame the deed.—

O man! still selfish, cruel most,
Where most thy power should bless;
Ingenious still, the harshest act
To mask in honor's dress!

When from thy heart fond love hath woo'd
With every tongue but one;
When all thy virtues have been shown,
And constant woman, won;

Then think'st thou of the fit and meet,
The cold world's scornful cries;
Back thou recoil'st, thyself art sav'd,
But woman sinks and dies!—

Youth's opening rose on Jessie's cheek
Had blown, and swiftly shed
Its early beauties on the blast
Of Time, that onward sped;

And Malcolm's youthful glow was chang'd
To manhood's nobler grace;
His graver mien no longer shew'd
The hero of the chase;

When home he came with courtly train,
His native halls to see,
And shew his future bride, the lands
Where she would sovereign be.

'Twas midnight as he pass'd the groves
That o'er Glencaldon hung;
Her pensive light the rising moon
Thro' all their branches flung:

The young earl check'd his prancing steed,
And wistful, look'd, and sigh'd;
"Still dwells she here? or is she now,
Some other's happy bride?"—

Go, self-deluder! tell thy heart
That her's once more is blest,
Tho', memory's thousand voices rais'd,
A different tale attest!—

• • • •

Lo buoyant o'er the foaming sea,
Impell'd by freshest gales,
With slender keel and streamer gay,
A rapid vessel sails!

There moans the wind thro' Malcolm's hair,
And sweeps his alter'd cheek;

Unheeded moans! for all his thoughts
The land of Scotland seek.

There is a sad weight on his brow,
A heavier on his soul;
Remembrance o'er his weaken'd mind
Her cloud begins to roll;

And keen remorse, with inward voice,
Thus speaks like prophecy,
"As thou didst trusting Jessie leave,
So Isabel may thee."—

But short the pang! new scenes arise,
New thoughts, and new delight;
While Norway's court his coming greets
With many a festive rite.

His errand sped, his exile done,
Once more he hails the day,

Which shall to dear Dunotter's tower,
Its longing Lord convey:

With Love's own breath, the summer breeze
Kisseth the Baltic wave;
The sea-maids warble soft below,
In Ocean's coral cave!

The sky is blue, the shores are green,
The calm sea seems to stand!
Joy glows thro' Malcolm's manly cheek,
He touches Scottish land!—

• • • •

Alas! what piercing cry was that?
Whose is that alter'd form,
With forehead bare, and flashing eye,
That braves the midnight storm?

What heart-smote wretch, whose fearful looks
Are fierce and sad by turns;
Colder than death his strong hand's grasp—
Like Etna, now it burns!

'Tis Malcolm, lost, deceiv'd, betray'd,
Of all his honours reft;
Supplanted in his sovereign's heart;
By her he worshipp'd, left!—

Fled with his fortune, every one
Who shared that fortune's light;
Dunotter's grass-grown threshold stands
In solitude and night.

While reason staggers, strength and youth
With giant death contend;
Say, comes there none with pitying hand
Some feeble aid to lend?

Yes, there is one! a faithful one!

**Who never leaves his side,
But learns his frantic bursts to sooth,
His dizzy steps to guide;**

**Whose trembling hands unwearied bathe
That once serenest brow;
Whose throbbing breast that head supports,
All faint and drooping now.**

**By night, by day, this faithful friend
Is ever, ever near;
E'en duty will the maniac shun,
But love is deaf to fear.**

• • • •

**The Summer's past, chill Autumn's blast
Hath strewn with leaves the wood,**

Malcolm awakes, and round him sees
The heart's deep solitude!

"Say, tell me, Kenneth, have I dreamt,
Or did some angel glide
For weeks and months around my path,
And all my wand'rings guide?

"O! where is gone that soft, pale form,
That used my couch to tend?
And why hath ceased that tender voice
Which bade my phrensies end?"—

Old Kenneth shakes his silver locks,
And wipes a tear away;
"That tender voice will sound no more!
That gentle form is clay!

"The mould is fresh, the grave is new,
Where sweetest Jessie lies;

In healing thine, her true heart broke,—

Love's latest sacrifice.”—

“O! Kenneth, in those killing words

Thy master's knell is toll'd;

If she is dead, this world to me,

Is desert, dark, and cold!

“Then open wide her dismal grave,

That dear face let me see,

And I as true will die for her,

As e'er she did for me!”

THE KNIGHT OF MALTA.

THE moon was bright, the sky serene,
And the waters softly crept,
And trees were thick on the bank so green,
Where the Knight of Malta slept;

Beside him grazed his milk-white steed,
And beside him lay his spear;
While his raven locks, from the helmet freed,
Were wet with many a tear.

His cheek was once like the orange, red,
But now like the olive, pale;
And his heart that erst with pity bled,
Now heaved thro' pitiless mail.

Was never a lord in Alphonso's court,
That danced like him at the ball;
'Mid nobles gay, at each graceful sport,
Don Carlos eclipsed them all:

Was never a minstrel like him could sing,
Or tinkle the sweet guitar;
Was never a knight at tilt or ring,
So brave in the Tourney's war:

Was never a brother like him so blest
In brother's dear rivalry;
For the twin he clasp'd to his faithful breast,
Was gallant and true as he.—

O look you now, how a pleasant dream,
That brother to life restores!
How bright is the glow which rapture's beam
O'er the face of Carlos pours!

He dreams they sail in their yacht so gay,

By gentle light of the stars,

Where thro' bowery banks flows Duero away,

To the sound of their soft guitars.

O days of youth! O days of joy!

Will ye ever again return?

Can the penitent heart or the streaming eye,

Give life to the death-cold urn?—

Now sudden he wakes, and with blissful glance

Looks round for that form so dear;

But vanish'd the image with Fancy's trance,

And all is solitude drear:

The groan that riveth his manly heart

As comfort and hope remove,

With its dismal sound makes echo start,

And scareth the lone wood-dove;

He beats his breast, and he lifts his eyes,
Whence tears like the rain-drops fall,
And loud his wild and sorrowful cries
On Jesu for mercy call.—

“Who mourneth here, this smiling night,
When nature and man should sing;
Doth a sinner’s voice mine ear affright,
Or grief with its murmuring?—

“O! whether by sin or sorrow driven
To scenes of holy peace,
Let them teach thee, my son! the road to heaven,
And thy earthly cares will cease.”—

The hermit stood among evergreen boughs
That curtain’d a cavern rude,
Whence he call’d the knight to blessed repose
In his saintly solitude.

He led the way, that knight before,

With many a stifled sigh,

Then gently dropp'd his leafy door,

And shut out the cheerful sky;

But the soft pale moon with tender light

Stream'd thro' the branching space,

And glimm'ring faint, on the cavern's night,

Diffused a soothing grace.

The hermit's couch was a heap of moss

From neighbouring mountains torn;

And the rocky step of his wooden cross,

With kneeling and tears was worn.

O soothing it is to the sad, sad heart,

Some sorrowful tokens to see,

When its load of grief it would fain impart,

When it longeth for sympathy!

Don Carlos' pulse beat calmly now,
 As he saw the hermit's throb;
 And the death-damps left his tortur'd brow,
 When he heard the hermit sob.

The good man knelt, and inly prayed,
 And long at a distance kept,
 And low at the foot of the crucifix laid,
 With smother'd anguish wept.

He cover'd his face with his dark grey hood,
 Like one who repenteth sore,
 And still as he kiss'd the holy rood,
 He wept and he groan'd the more.

"O, I have suffer'd!"—at length he cried,
 As back to the knight he came:
 "For soul in grief what fitter guide,
 Than he that hath felt the same?

"Then confess thy sin, or tell thy grief,
And if christian love may save,
Ah! look at least, for that faint relief,
Which shriving penitents have."

——"O father! father! deep is my guilt,
But deeper, sure, are my pains;
For innocent blood in fury spilt,
What pardon, what hope remains?

"Yet time there was, when of bird or deer,
I shudder'd to end the breath;
And ever beheld, with womanish tear,
E'en childhood's easy death.

"And time there was, when glory in vain,
Call'd to his murderous throne;
The wrath that grows on a hill of slain,
My brows abhor to own.

"But see me here, to holy St. John,*
Self-vowed his knight to be,
And sworn fair woman's love to shun,
In stainless chastity.

"And see me here, self-doom'd to aid,
(O penance sad and right!)
With this guilty arm, and this fatal blade,
Each suff'ring lady or knight."

Don Carlos paused, and with ghastly look
Regarded his guilty brand;
His brow grew damp, and his cold limbs shook,
And the weapon left his hand.

* I am not certain whether a man who had been married, could become a Knight of Malta: if he could not, the reader must have the goodness to suppose that Don Carlos obliged himself to a voluntary observance of the rules of that order.

"Twas in gay Castille, that an orphan heir,
With the twin of my life as my love,
I dwelt in joy: ah me! his prayer,
Now breathes for my sake above.

"The lily that shines thro' yon wat'ry glass,
Is dark to his mortal part,
And foul is its sweetest breath, alas!
To the sweetness of his heart!

"Together we roved thro' our wild-wood bowers,
In sportive or pensive mood;
Or o'er learning's page in studious hours,
Together were wont to brood.

"Was never a thought in either's mind,
Nor a feeling in his breast,
But the other's soul untaught, defined,
And the other's eye express'd.

"If Juan had chid, not princes' praise
Had banish'd the blush of shame;
If Juan approv'd, a world might raise
Unheard, the voice of blame.

"Not Beauty's sweet glance, like his, could light
My spirit to Honour's goal;
O woe was the day, when at Beauty's sight,
I yielded my captive soul!

"Why should I talk of the lily and rose,
That on Inis's cheek were blent;
Of her dark eyes' stars, and her bosom's snows,
And her smile's soft languishment!

"O she was fairer than earthly thing,
Which Heaven for good ordains;
Such wond'rous charms the demons bring,
To forge some wretch's chains!

“With ardour woo’d, and with transport won,
She heard at length my prayer,
And my blissful life seem’d new begun,
When I clasp’d the bridal fair.

“Yet Juan was far, in green Navarre,
On embassy secret and grave,
And knew not her, by whose conq’ring car,
His brother was led a slave.

“When home return’d, approving joy
Spoke from his smiling face,
And Inis beheld, with sparkling eye,
His figure’s youthful grace.

“’Twas sweet to my heart to hear her speak,
With voice of the cooing dove,
Of his azure eyes, and his vermeil cheek,
And shape like the God of Love.

"But sweeter the theme, when with graver speech

She spoke of his virtues high,

Of his towering mind's celestial reach,

And his awful purity.

"Ah! soon did she cease with Juan's praise,

To fetter my listening ear!

Of silent and sad, from my rapt eyes' gaze,

She turn'd with a starting tear.

"Let me not dwell on the dark deceit,

That hath plung'd my soul in sin;

For how should my falt'ring lips repeat,

What I dare not breathe within?

"Enough, that she swore—could I doubt her oath,

Who dwelt in my inmost thought?

That scorning our blood, and her bridal troth,

My brother her love had sought.

"That wretched night, at the midnight hour,

While each pulse with madness beat,

A loud shriek came from Inis' bower—

I flew to the dear retreat.

"I saw but my lady's bosom bare;

I heard but her vengeful cry;

My sword was deep in a breast as fair,

Ere spoke the upraised eye!

"As bathed in his blood young Juan fell,

My guilty senses fled;

But waking late in St. Leonard's cell,

I raised an outlaw's head.

"What heeded my heart of privileged shade,

When blood on my conscience lay?

When the brother once dear had my faith betrayed,

And blotted out life's fair day!

"The pardon won, by my kinsman sought
From Alphonso's kingly hand,
No joyful change in a bosom wrought,
More sad than the desert's sand.

"For she that I loved, ah! she whose charms
Had been my brother's snare,
Now languish'd sad in my wretched arms,
With silent and fix'd despair.

"Her death-day came, remembrance dread!
I th' midst of her beauty's prime;
And then as her shrieking spirit fled,
She own'd the damned crime.

"'Twas she that woo'd, 'twas she that spurn'd,
To frantic vengeance grew.
O fatal truths! in vain were ye learn'd,
And like fiends my soul pursue.

"For now remorse, and terror, and woe,
Surround me with their spells;
And never, alas! must I hope to go,
Where my brother's spirit dwells!"

The knight broke off, for the hermit's breast
Heaved thick with convulsive start,
He wept aloud, and he rushed to his guest,
And snatch'd him to his heart.

Don Carlos caught not the breathless cry,
He saw not the hooded face,
But his throbbing heart and flashing eye,
Were true to a known embrace.

"Now blessed Saint John hath another true knight,
And thou, a brother again!
O Carlos I swear, by yon vestal light,
To join thy patron's train.

"While bewailing sad thine only fault,
Thy prayers were breathed to me,
With world-sick eyes, but pitying thought,
I have sorrowed and prayed for thee.

"No mortal blow didst thou give my breast,
Tho' deep to my soul it went,
And when life return'd, from life unblest,
I flew to lone banishment.

"Now thou art restor'd with fondness true,
To love as true as thine own,
And the world's bright gates will open anew,
For souls that again are one!"

O days of youth! O days of joy!
Again do your hours return?
Yes, the penitent heart, and the heav'n-ward eye,
Have quicken'd the death-cold urn!

THE MAID OF ERIN.

"AH! who beneath yon swaying tree,
Lies careless of the rushing wind?
Wake thoughtless youth, and swiftly flee,
Or be to murder's arm consign'd.

"Still doth he sleep, tho' o'er his head
The storm of evening peals along,
Tho' tossing branches round him spread,
Roar the wild tempest's shrieks among?

"Wake! stranger, wake!—he slumbers still!
O, if some powerful sprite be near,
May dreams of dread his fancy fill,
And whispers warn his startled ear!"

Hell's moodiest fiend, then lingering nigh,
Smil'd ghastly scorn, and forward flew;
She ope'd the youth's death-sealed eye,
And bade his icid blood flow anew.

Half rising from the leaf-strewn plain,
While life and beauty's mingled tide
Runs rapid thro' each bright'ning vein,
He casts his wilder'd glances wide.

The highland cap's romantic plume,
Mixed with his o'ast'ring ringlets sighs;
And o'er his cheek's vermillion bloom,
Streams the dark lustre of his eyes.

"O God of this sequester'd place!
O Genius of my native woods!
Avert the splendors of thy face,
And pardon her who thus intrudes!"

"Ah! rather from my wond'ring gaze,
Bright angel, turn thy charms away!
(The youth replied in sweet amaze,
With one rapt look of transc'd delay.)

"Yet melt not, melt not from my sight;
Still let thine eye's celestial spell,
Like the calm moon's unclouded light,
Illumine all this midnight dell!

"Still let thy balm-diffusing breath,
In mists of sweetness fold my sense;
And then, the lingering shades of death,
Will fleet before their influence.

"For sure in holy realms I wake,
And thou Heaven's brightest spirit art!
Thou com'st my raptured soul to take
Where resteth each world-wearied heart.

"Yet wherefore doth all black appear?

Can these be Eden's promis'd bowers?

No ruby-tinctur'd fruits grow here,

No golden groves, no radiant flowers!

"Where is the high, mysterious sound

Of songs and harpings all divine?

No voices break the stillness round;

Lone Echo only thrills with mine.

"Then waft me to that beamy star,

Where thou and joy eternal reign;

Where sweets ambrosial float afar,

And music pours her liquid strain!

"There under groves of living green,

With thee, blest angel, still to rove,

With thee to hymn the wond'rous scene,

Is all the bliss I ask above!"

"No angel from the stars of heaven,
No seraph from the throne of day;
Thou see'st a maid to whom is given,
No power to waft thee hence away:

"But she would warn thee from the spot,
Where hate and murder rav'ning roam;
She bids thee fly to hills remote,
Which rise around thy native home.

"Oh! could she bear thee to some ilse
Surrounded by the threat'ning sea;
Where flower was never seen to smile,
Nor leaf to deck the sterile tree.

"Where never yet the cheerful sun,
One transient glance to nature gave,
But all lies dark, and cold, and dun,
And deeply silent as the grave.

"There in some rude sequester'd cave,
With thee she'd pass her blissful days,
And ask no music but the wave,
No sunshine save thy beauty's blaze!"

"O, cease not! cease not, generous fair!
Why turns thy glowing cheek aside?
Why does that quickly-loosen'd hair,
Those bashful eyes from Oscar hide?"

"Tis, that my foolish lips have said
What virgin lips should never tell;
Yet ah! forgive a wretched maid,
Condemn'd with tyrant power to dwell!

"In yonder dreary castle born,
Unloved she wastes her youth away;
Joyless she feels the breeze of morn,
Wretched she sees the eve decay.

"My father once, 'mid Erin's wars,
Unrival'd bore the hero's name;
He gloried in his countless scars,
And knew no happiness but fame.

"When lo! ere I beheld the light,
A Scottish chieftain sought our shore;
Earl Phelim met him in the fight,
He met, and sunk beneath his power.

"Since then, immersed in deepest gloom,
The world abjured, and all forgot,
Save hatred to the highland plume,
He lives to curse his plighted lot!

"No shipwrecked man of Scotland's land,
Hath ever from yon pile return'd;
They fall beneath my father's brand,
But fall not, youth! by me unmourn'd."

"Thro' this deep forest's tangled bowers,
Like warning ghost I ceaseless roam,
To turn from our blood-moated towers,
The Scottish victims as they come.

"What light from yonder turret gleams?
O fly, my first, my only love!
Still will I see thee in my dreams,
Still meet thy soul, in prayer, above!"

"And think'st thou, then, my heart so cold,
So dead to virtue, love, and thee,
That I can 'hose dear eyes behold,
Fast-dropping tears of grief for me.

"That I can see that breast of snow,
For me, with tender anguish heave,
Yet fly from danger's doubtful blow,
And leave thy gentle soul to grieve.

"No, by this trembling hand I swear,
This hand so fondly pressed in mine,
From these fierce scenes thy form to bear,
And bind myself forever thine!

"Where frown those rocks o'er ocean's bed,
My voice shall one tall bark command;
Soon will her whitening sails be spread,
To waft us to my native land.

"There, among heaps of balmy heath,
Fresh gather'd from some purple steep,
While sweets ascend from every wreath,
Lock'd in each other's arms we'll sleep.

"And when day's earliest breezes strong,
Blow freshly o'er the redd'ning cheek,
With hunter's bow, the hills among,
For thee the flying deer I'll seek.—

"Speak, doubting maid, O! turn those eyes

Now fix'd upon thy father's hall;

Haste, ere the fav'ring moment flies,

Or doom thy highland love to fall!"—

Silent she turns; but from her face

The rosy glow has vanish'd quite;

Death's paleness takes awhile its place,

And tears o'erwhelm her swimming sight:

Onward she goes, (yet inly grieves,) .

By Oscar's arm impell'd anew;

And oft upon the trodden leaves

Her tear-drops fall, like nightly dew.—

Soon are the ship's white sails unfurl'd,

Her streamers broad are hoisted soon;

And lo! amid the wat'ry world

She floats, beneath the rising moon!

And now the hills of Scotland rise
Empurpled o'er the less'ning main;
Now thymy fragrance round them sighs,
And sounds are caught, and lost again.—

The lovers press the mossy sod,
While rising in Glen-carron green,
The towers of Oscar's calm abode,
Thro' far-off heights are dimly seen:

Soft in the silver moonlight shine
The towers, the rocks, and seas profound;
The mountain-falls, the woods of pine,
And all the sylvan regions round:

Wrapt in her Oscar's fond embrace,
Roscrana views the prospect fair;
Grief melts like vapour from her face,
And Love, bright love, alone is there!—

"Now, tell me, youth! what fortune strange,
Brought thee to Erin's climate drear,
Amid my father's shades to range?
O say, while yet we linger here."—

"In green Glencarron's wild retreat,
My lonely halls embattled rise;
There was I wait the dawn to meet,
And woo the evening's faintest sighs;

"But late, as pensively I trac'd
Its leaf-strewn walks, all dark and bare;
By unseen arms, my form embrac'd,
Was borne, astonish'd, thro' the air:

"Like branch just rifted from the tree,
By power resistless, fiercely driven;
I passed above the dreadful sea,
And saw its waste alone, and heaven:

"No sound, save of the dismal wind,
Came cheering to my hopeless ear;
I saw the seas on earth reclin'd,
But vainly tried their roar to hear:

"At length amid thy father's wood,
I felt my breathless form descend;
Before my steps a spirit stood,
I saw her black'ning wings extend;

"Gigantic as the tallest oak,
By doubtful twilight dimly seen;
Her voice in sudden thunder broke,
Her glance was like the lightning keen.

"Behold the pow'rful fiend, she cried,
In beauty's pomp who wooed thee late,
Yet fled, rejected by thy pride;
Thus she repays thy scornful hate."

"Swift from her lips the noisome breath
In sulphurous cloud around me flies;
I feel the siroc-blight of death,
And sink, methinks no more to rise;

"But at thy voice, the hov'ring soul
Back to its former mansion came;
Hell owned pure Virtue's strong control,
And Love awoke his guiltless flame."

"O! may this throbbing heart of mine,
The young Roscrana whispers low,
Still feel the answering throb of thine,
And see thine eyes thus fondly glow!

"The hours of day, the hours of night,
The seasons then, will all succeed,
To witness ever in their flight,
One happy, happy pair indeed."—

While round him now her arms are spread,
She sees his crimson colour fade;
His bright eyes close; in silence dread,
He falls before the trembling maid!—

A strange loud laugh of horrid joy,
Wild thro' that lonely region rings;
Roscrana turns her startled eye,
But only hears the rush of wings.—

Pale, tearless, with cold clasped hands,
Where still and pale, her Oscar lies,
Awhile in mute despair she stands,
Then freed from earth her spirit flies!—

Join, gentle spirit! join thy love,
Who lingers yet in air below!
For you, unclothe the gates above,
For you, eternal Edens glow!

No more to part, your souls shall now
Together breathe the gales of heaven,
While am'ranths for each spotless brow,
Shall there, in deathless wreaths be given!—

How! fiend of hell! for know, thy hour
Can but the mortal part control;
Not all thy wizard spells have power
To injure the celestial soul!—

THE PRINCE OF THE LAKE.

"THE Princess Anne to her bower is gone
To watch and weep and pray,
Where the yellow moon shining alone,
Lights the trav'ller's way:

"Her bower is high on that lonely hill
Where hoary ash-trees shake;
And down below, sublimely still,
Lies Killarney's lake."——

The warder ceas'd, and clos'd the gates
And the man that ask'd, rode on;
No more he said, but bow'd his head,
And heav'd a heavy groan.

The man was clad in a mantle red,
And his bonnet was large and dark;
So musing still he gain'd the hill,
The Lady's bower to mark:

'Twas black and drear; the silent trees
Stood tall and still around;
The long grass stirr'd not in the breeze,
'The waters gave no sound;

But the Lady bright, on the battlements' height,
He saw by the shining moon;
From her locks so bright, and her garments white,
The stranger knew her soon.

"Ho! Lady Anne thou must come down,
Thy husband sends by me:
Near the cross of stone on the heath alone,
He lies and waits for thee:

"For the fight is o'er, and rebel power
Hath vanquished its Lord,
And now his store is nothing more
Than only his good sword."—

"Now tell me, knight, by a warrior's might,
I charge thee tell me true,
If from that fight this woeful night,
My love unhurt withdrew?

"Ah! be my bed the leaves that are shed
By autumn's hollow wind,
If on his breast my head but rest,
The sweetest sleep I'll find!"—

"He waits for thee, (the knight replied)
By the mould'ring cross of stone;
Thy sleep shall be sweet! (the stranger sigh'd,)
But never sweet alone.

"Come, mount thee here; nay, do not fear,
Tho' the clouds be gathering fast;
My courser's swift, and his career
Is like the ocean's blast."—

They rode o'er hill, they rode o'er vale,
They rode thro' the groaning wood,
Till by the glare of the lightning pale,
They saw the holy rood;

And near it lay a comely form
In dusky armour drest;
He lay in sleep, and the raging storm
Could not break his rest.

The warrior slept, and the Lady stepp'd
His well-known form to fold;
She kiss'd his brow, but the nightly snow
Is not so icy cold.

With piercing cries she rais'd her eyes,
And the stranger stood by her side;
His mantle was gone, and his armour shone,
And his grey plume floated wide:

His steed was form'd of the foaming surf
Which swells on Killarney's lake,
When the furious blast its waters casts,
And rocking turrets shake.

"Behold thy Lord! (the phantom said,)
The fight indeed is o'er,
And under this shade my corse is laid,
To sleep for evermore:

"But thou must with me; for the shoreless sea
Must wash each earthly stain;
And then this lake appall'd must quake
For its Prince and Hero slain:

"Killarney's hills, and Killarney's caves,
Our peaceful dwellings shall be,
Till this yearly hour, when its shudd'ring waves
My airy horse shall see;

"Then in angry pomp, thro' the waters wide,
In lightning and thunder drest,
Thy Prince shall ride, while the stormy tide
O'erwhelms his vassals' rest.

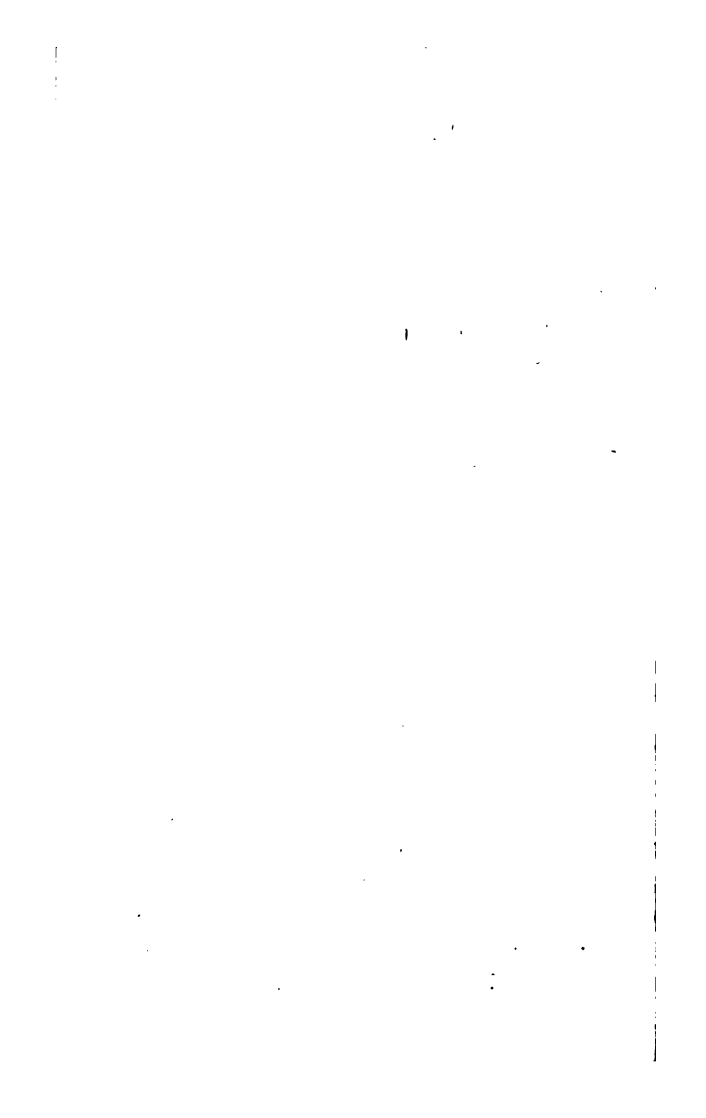
"For three long days, and for three long nights
Must fear each bosom quail,
Till the whirlwinds cease, and all be peace,
And their penitent tears prevail;

"Then joy will be ours, the joy of Heaven,
To pardon and to save:
So let thy soul to my fond pray'r given,
Smile at its path thro' the grave."—

He spoke, and clasp'd his arms to grasp
The form of that Lady fair;
She breath'd a moan, and her spirit alone,
Now wanders with his thro' the air.

MISCELLANEOUS.

H



YOUTH.

AN ALLEGORY.

"THERE lies thy destin'd path, ascending still!
Be now its varied steep with care essay'd—
Here sinks a vale, there swells a breezy hill;
Now is the tangled way obscured by shade:
And now, far-opening glades the fancy fill;
There, poisonous fogs and chilling damps descend;
Here, balmy dews from roseate bowers distil:
Lo! as Life's gayest prospects wide extend,
O falsely think not thou, they ne'er shall end!

"This beauteous height attain'd, thy feet must trace
A downward path which leads to realms unknown:
That solemn path no verdant arbours grace;
But if thou dost not tread its steep alone,
If still attended on that dreary place
By the sweet angels of unblemish'd deeds,
Their blest discourse will every ill efface,
Their shining light will turn sad Nature's weeds
To heavenly garments rich, which Fancy's woof exceeds."

Thus spoke Experience, while his study hand
Disclos'd to ardent youth, the track of life.
Well knew the sage, that specious fairy-land,
And well he knew that sky with storms was rife,
Which now, the Spring's first zephyr lightly fann'd;
Fain would his warning voice fond youth prepare
For ruffian Auster's devastating band;
And fain instruct, how best swift change to bear
Of rocks, and wilds, and wastes, from jocund landscape fair.

But all-enraptur'd with the boundless scene,
Youth's eager eyes ran wildly o'er the view:
He thought the groves all dress'd in deathless green,
The azure heaven in never-changing blue,
Nor deem'd that cloud could stain that dazzling sheen,
Nor wintry frost that verdant foliage shed:
Reckless of future gloom, and tempest keen,
He long'd the various path alone to tread,
And scale with mounting foot, the steepest upland's head.

"O beauteous scene!" he cried, with fond delight,
"O paradise of joy, for ever fair!
Thy varied charms my willing feet invite,
And court my soul to bathe in Heaven's own air.—
I come to bask beneath thy sunshine bright,
To quaff sweet pleasure from her purest rill;
'Mid fragrant flowers, and tuneful birds, by light
Of cloudless sun or moon, to wander still,
And rapt in grateful trance, with bliss and wonder thrill!

"I come to find amid your green retreats,
The forms august, of Virtue, and of Truth:
Honour unstain'd, whose heart still equal beats
In oft-impairing age, as zealous youth;
All Learning's stores, and blest Affection's sweets;
Religion's precious balm, and Pity's dew;
Hope's cheering strain which now my glad ear greets,
And lovelier makes the distant scenes we view;
I come to find all this; instructor dear, adieu!"

"Stay, stay rash boy! ere yet thy headlong haste
Hurry thee on, from my long-guiding hand:
Rightly behold the view so falsely traced
By thy enchanted eyes, and Fancy's wand.
Alas! 'tis not in fact, thus nobly graced!
But thine the task to prove its fleeting smile.
Yet go not thou, 'till thy free choice be placed
On guide and sharer of thy journey's toil,
Whose wise and tender care may half its ills beguile.

“What see’st thou now?—two different forms, I ween;
Gay Fancy there; here Reason, goddess grave!
Observe them well, and make slow choice between;
For leading guide one only canst thou have.—
Ah me! how passing fair is Fancy’s mien!
What dazzling structures at her glance arise!
How spreads she o’er the rocks resplendent green;
And bids from sulph’rous pits fresh flow’rets rise,
While Nature’s truer tints are lost in her gay dyes!

“In yon high dome thou may’st the sorceress note,
’Mid crowds, and gems, and light, and music rare;
Visions poetic, round her proud throne float,
Fanning with Iris wing, her bosom fair.
No sight of care, no sound howe’er remote,
May e’er invade that scene of baseless joy;
Each heart beguiled, to future pains devote,
Bounds to their Syren-Queen’s false prophecy,
Bidding each warning thought to sullen Læthe hie.

"O trust her not, my son!—if such thy guide,
Thy transient path may lay thro' Eden's bowers,
Smoothly awhile those early days may glide;
But Time's sure grasp will wither all the flowers,
Which round thy brow her wanton hands have tied:
At his approach, her phantom form will fade,
And left alone each rising storm to bide,
Thy trusting soul shall own itself betray'd,
And call, alas! too late, on Truth and Reason's aid.—

"See! how she points to where a shining heap
Of gold, and costly robes, and jewels shine!
Now springing on, she leads to Fame's bright steep,
And proffers Glory's wreath, a meed divine!
There, shews thee sacred bliss, where Passions sleep,
And nought is waking but the heart's best glow,
The Lover's, Husband's, Father's fondness deep,
With each delight man's varied duties know;
All these, in empty boast, she offers to bestow.

"But trust her not: if such thy vain belief,
Sad disappointment for thy portion waits:
Man's checquer'd lot hath little joy, much grief,
And keen Despair will rend whom Hope elates.
As sure as Autumn's blast doth sear the leaf,
Do youth's gay wanderings end in darkest shade,
Unless from Fancy's guidance, false as brief,
He timely turn, and seek that steadfast maid
By whose unbending arm, the frailest form is staid.

"My son, why hangs thy gaze on that fair sprite
Which now the syren to thy view displays?
She seems to thee, the angel pure and bright,
Of faithful love, ordain'd to bless thy days:
But Vanity her name; no falser wight
Roams o'er the world: in artful mask she goes;
Love's self she seems, so ably is the dight,
So well her painted cheek can mock its rose,
So cunningly her haud the shadowing mantle throws.

"Hark to her voice, how sweet is its behest!
List to her sighs, how tenderly they flow:
Who would not think they rose from Love's own breast?
(Alas! can ear untaught, the diff'rence know?)
But O beware! if to thy bosom pressed,
The wily fiend will warble witching lay;
Then while her faithless beauties are caressed,
With iron fang will tear thy heart away,
And on its quiv'ring flesh, and gushing life's-blood prey.

"Hence Fancy then, with all thy dangerous crew!
Turn thee, my son, at Reason's sober voice.—
Tho' all alone she stands before thy view,
Pause not, but on the maid affix thy choice.
The closer seen, the fairer is her hue,
No cloud deforms her brow, nor dims her eye;
The morning sun that dries up nature's dew,
Bids not so soon each wildering vapour fly,
Or shines with steadier light, or nobler brilliancy!

"Slow and august her step; with look serene,
Safe will she lead thee thro' each dark defile;
Her powerful hand will smooth the way between,
Her holy converse rap thy soul the while;
Secure on her thy trusting heart may lean,
Tho' dark and difficult the steep may frown;
She ne'er will guide where foot hath never been,
But o'er a well-tried track will lead thee down,
Till home, and rest, and peace, your mutual labours crown!

"To mock reality with fatal shews,
No wand she holds, changing foul object fair;
Still will her faithful voice each ill disclose,
Teaching thee what to shun and what to dare:
She will not lull thee to unsafe repose
On top of sea-beat rock, or Etna dire,
Nor urge thee naked on, thro' Lapland's snows,
Nor bid thee like Asbestos tempt the fire:
Now, will she bid thee yield, now resolute aspire.

"Fear not that Grace and Joy will fly the maid;
Where Grace and Joy in union just are found,
Her gracious smiles their sacred charm will aid,
And spread full certainty o'er all around.
(Ah! how unlike wild Fancy's masquerade!)
Should lovely forms in her calm track appear,
Shun not the bliss they give, nor think 'twill fade;
Yield to the influence blest; and led by her,
Resign thy happy heart uncheck'd by doubt or fear.

"Haply the path she leads, may seem less gay,
The groves less green, than Fancy's gaudy road,
And thy companions on the checquer'd way,
Less like the guests of some divine abode;
But changeless truth will every scene array,
And as the vista opens on thine eye,
Nobler will grow the scene, and full-orb'd day
Will help thy weaker vision to descry
Thy earthly journey's goal, e'en in the eternal sky!

"Chuse then, my son! or fatal, gay deceit;
 Or graver Truth, with safe but serious speech.
 His young eye lingers on that beauteous cheat;
 O vainly then doth sad Experience preach!
 But now his eye is turn'd that glance to meet,
 Which none can see without conviction blest:—
 See! now he rushes to her virgin feet,
 On her alone, his virtuous wishes rest,
 He hails her as his guide, she clasps him to her breast!"

Slow coursed the tears adown the sage's face,
 As from his heart fled keen Suspense's pang,
 Majestic Reason smil'd with soften'd grace,
 And listening angels gratulation sang:
 But still one task remain'd; youth's choice to place
 On fit companion, by whose linked side
 Unwearied still, his lab'ring foot might trace
 Each devious track where led their placid guide;
 Whose love should be his joy, whose virtues rare, his pride.

For this, two lovely candidates were nigh;
So lovely both, that neither seemed most fair,
Or if indeed you might advantage spy,
'Twas where Youth wished that all perfection were.
Experience mark'd with many a boding sigh,
That ardent gaze which spoke the kindling heart;
On Friendship's form *he* fix'd his judging eye,
But fervid Youth, struck by a viewless dart,
Look'd upon Love alone; nor saw pale Reason start.

So warm his gaze, that bashful Love away
Turn'd her fair head, and gently mov'd aside:
While as she mov'd, a stripling slight and gay,
Swiftly before her steps was seen to glide:
At his approach, the blood with stronger tide
Rush'd thro' the veins of youth, and fir'd his cheek;
Forgot at once his teacher and his guide,
He long'd that urchin's winning power to seek,
And thro' his witching lips to Love enamour'd speak.

Who knows not Hope? around whose childish brow
The rainbow-tinted halo lightly plays,
And bright reflected from that forehead's snow,
In changeful colour sheds its cheerful blaze?
On his fresh cheek the rose eternal stays,
Beneath his foot the grass and flow'rets rise;
Still as he waves his wand, with blest amaze
The rapt eye sees new earth, new seas, new skies,
While on the listening ear swell all heaven's harmonies!

On went the boy, creating as he flew,
Bright forms that burst like bubbles into air,
But as they vanish'd all, he others drew,
And smil'd and deem'd them permanent as fair:
Yet vain and fleeting still, these objects were,
And the tir'd sight at length would look no more;
Youth gazed awhile, then sought that vision rare,
Whom Hope as sweet precursor flew before:
She comes! the goddess comes! all ruder themes be o'er!

Ah! dangerous Love! what mortal hand may dare,
That form divine, in earthly verse to shew?
Impregnate with her sighs, the perfum'd air
Breathes of their sweetness, and with sudden glow,
Like southern summers burn; red roses blow
'Mid brier and willow, 'mongst her golden hair:
Her bashful looks oft seek the earth below,
While thro' her virgin cheek and bosom fair,
The flash of frequent blush, speaks softest wishes there.

Clad in tansparent robe of spotless white,
That close from head to foot around her winds,
Fain would she veil her beauties from the sight,
But virtuous Love no sheltering mantle finds;
E'en her own erring hand the robe unbinds,
And thro' the texture thin, howe'er compress'd,
Her blushing form the hardy gazer binds.
Confus'd and frighted oft, she stops distress'd,
Then screens with modest hand, her white and panting
breast.

Her eyes are tearful, yet like April's sun
 That now in clouds, and now in brightness moves,
 They make all lovely that they look upon;
 Soft is their tender light, as gentle doves,
 Or like the pensive star by which she roves;
 But still they rest not, and their swift glance flies
 From past to future; now the past it loves,
 And now the distant prospects that arise
 Clad in eternal beams 'mid Expectation's skies!

Sometimes all sad and slow and faint she walks;
 Sometimes with flying foot outstrips the gale;
 Now to a thousand echoes wildly talks;
 Now listens mute to her own nightingale:
 Now is her cheek with fear or sorrow pale;
 Then flushed with joy, or dark with jealous throe;
 Now gay she sings, and now with thrilling wail
 Tears off her rosy wreath, and with the bough
 Of cypress, dropping tears, like maniac wraps her brow.

Behind came Constancy in modest guise,
With garment strong, that closely girt her round;
Unchanging blue it was, like her bright eyes,
Which fix'd intently on remotest ground,
Nor turn'd at rudest shock, nor soothest sound:
Onward she went, unheeding of the way,
Tho' o'er her head by purple amaranth crown'd,
Or fierce suns darted their unnerving ray,
Or piercing sleet hail'd down, or lightnings 'gan to play.

All haste, all transport, as the pageant passed,
Youth sprang with eager grasp fair love to seize,
But sudden stopp'd, as on the rising blast,
Came sound of voice like clear September's breeze,
That freshly-sweeping o'er the dew-bright trees,
New-strings each slacken'd nerve, and glads the sense.
Still as it nearer drew, by sweet degrees
Astonished youth felt its blest influence,
And wonder'd what the sound, and where, and whence?

Mounting with springing step the broad ascent,
A buoyant form of matchless shape he spied,
Attired like one whose ardent soul is bent
To win in fleetest race by Glory's side.
Flinging its changeless splendor far and wide,
From his bright forehead flamed the polar star,
Thro' his clear cheek the ruby-tinctur'd tide
Shone with a healthful glow; while on the air,
Back from his radiant eyes was blown the clust'ring hair.

Simple his robe, not fashion'd to conceal,
But worn for decent and convenient shade:
Still as its folds were stirr'd, the winds reveal
The ample chest 'neath which his heart was laid;
There dwelt that heart all fearlessly displayed,
(So clear and fine the covering flesh was spread.)
Its pulse beat strong and equal, unbetrayed
By aught of mortal mould, to coward-dread;
And so with warmth it glow'd, that heat and light it shed.

Skilled was the heroic youth, in storied lore,
And well he knew to charm both soul and ear:
Oft would he tell of lofty days of yore,
Till every listener's bosom thrill'd to hear,
And trembled in each eye the enthusiast's tear;
Then brave souls kindled at his gen'rous fire;
Or longed to guide the prow, or wield the spear,
Or strike with prophet hand the epic lyre,
Thus did his rhetoric high, the varied wish inspire!

If death to dare for virtuous Freedom's sake,
He sought to animate some youthful breast,
Not trumpet-sound like his clear voice could wake
The patriot ardour from inglorious rest:
And if to comfort one by grief oppressed,
That touching voice were tuned to sooth and calm,
Not Heaven's own dew o'er Araby the blest,
Steals softer down, or sheds a sweeter balm,
Or e'er o'er tranced sense in gentler motion swam.

What tho' no measur'd lay he knew to frame,
Nor touch'd with artful hand the lyric strings,
Whene'er he sought to kindle love of Fame,
Like morning's lark, loud-warbling where she springs,
That as she higher soars, still sweeter sings,
Still loftier tower'd his eloquence on high,
As nobler theme essay'd its eagle wings;
Still deeper glow'd his cheek, more bright his eye,
And richer flow'd his voice like scrapp minstrelsy.

With such companion, who would fear to go
Thro' every change of life's uncertain scene?
His glowing heart would kindly warmth bestow,
When wintry blasts were howling bleak and keen:
When dark the path, with its all-piercing sheen
His forehead's star would deepest glooms dispel;
When toilsome grown, his faithful arms between,
The weary soul might blest and safely dwell,
Listing his converse rich, like poets' varied shell.

Light-vaulting now he gained the rising hill,
And fix'd on doubtful Youth his gracious eye;
Close by his foot there flow'd a crystal rill,
That fair reflected all his symmetry;
E'en as he spoke an echo answer'd nigh;
And at his breathings pure, thick myrtles round
With livelier verdure shot their branches high;
He smil'd, and Youth's warm heart, with stronger bound,
Beat rapturous in his breast, and own'd it holy ground.

Friendship, the noble prompter of all good,
The rare reward of virtuous life below,
Now for acceptance meet, before him stood,
And Love was there, to boast her rival glow.
But could Love's power such high renown bestow
Could Love's weak voice, thus prompt to godlike deed?
Could Love's frail arm avert each hostile blow,
Or in the brave defence devoted bleed?
And ah! did even Love, bright Friendship's charms exceed?

Thus mus'd fond Youth, while Love at distance kept,
But as the Beauty swiftly closer drew,
A cloud of fragrance o'er his senses swept,
So sense-o erpowering, that Reason flew,
And swooning, vanished for awhile from view;
But soon revived, she caught his hand aside,
And while her sheltering arm she round him threw,
Thus earnest said, "O hear thy chosen guide!
Ere to companion wrong, thy erring soul be tied.

"I own Love fair, delightful too as fair;
And might we trust, no mate so dear or meet;
But oft she shrinks from the world's searching air,
And backward oft returns with truant feet.
If still she mov'd with her associates sweet,
Then were Life's pilgrimage a progress gay:
But Hope too frequent seeks some new retreat,
And Love leaves Constancy upon the way;
Then Lightness or Despair her altered bosom sway.

"But Friendship with immortal vigour glows,
Nor sun can scorch, nor blast despoil his bloom;
By him he loves, with the same step he goes,
To Honour's throne, or dark Oblivion's tomb,
(Willing to share his joy, or cheer his gloom.)
Ner road can tire, nor thick'ning fogs confuse;
And if to trial sharp the gods should doom
Him best-belov'd, 'twixt life and truth to choose,
Friendship would nobly teach that cherish'd life to lose."

"Friendship be then my choice!" was Youth's reply,
While quick averted from Love's madd'ning sight,
Disorder'd, struggling, sad, his trembling eye,
Shut out her dangerous image with the light:
Yet tears triumphant wash'd his aspect bright,
As Friendship lock'd him in a rapt embrace;
Mild Reason's voice put fond regret to flight;
Experience blessed his son; and Friendship's face,
Effulgent with delight, spread sunshine o'er the place.

EPISTLE FROM YARICO TO INKLE.

O THOU, whom once this doating heart addressed
 By every name Affection's lip hath blessed!
 What shall I call thee now?—what title find
 For him, most cruel, of a cruel kind?—
 Yet what avails it? every name alike
 Thy callous ear from Yarico would strike.—
 Think not, thou merciless! that weakly true
 I come a suppliant at thy feet to sue,
 And wildly hoping bliss, where horror lies,
 Kneel for the worthless heart I now despise:
 No! that false happiness so prized before,
 To this lost bosom can return no more;
 Thy hand hath rifled thence each sweet belief
 Which once could shed a balm o'er every grief;

102 EPISTLE FROM YARICO TO INKLE.

For 'tis not happiness, unless we prove
An equal share of confidence and love;
And 'tis not love that riots in each vein,
Fires the wild eye, and mads the burning brain,
When still we pant for what we disapprove,
And spite of scorn or indignation, love!—
Wrapt in thine arms, my loathing soul would turn,
The warm embrace (ah, well remember'd!) spurn;
Shrink from the soft caress, and bid thee fly
Far from my path of life, and shuddering eye.—
Fear, fear not then, a supplicating strain,
Dread but the voice of ever-during pain,
And learn that tales alone of hopeless woe,
Are all thou e'er shalt hear from Yarico.—
Oh! may her pictur'd grief, thy conscience wake,
And other hearts be spar'd, for her sad sake.—
Cheat not thyself, false man! nor deem at rest
The shame, the anguish of my tortured breast;

EPISTLE FROM YARICO TO INKLE. 103

Tho' lov'd not now, those days in which I proved,
To sweetest transport, how thou wast beloved;
Those days when all the world seem'd good and fair,
And my young heart ne'er heard the name of care,
When all was blissful,—ah! then thou wast true,—
And scenes celestial opened on my view;
Those days, like spectres, haunt my frantic mind,
Peace, Joy, are o'er, e'en Hope itself resign'd;
Nor Past nor Future cast one gleam of light
Thro' this long vista of eternal night.—
The Present! Shame and Sorrow crowd the hour;
Insult and toil my wasting life devour;
A slave I labour, by the harsh decree
Of selfish power, and thy base perfidy;
Denied the wretches only bliss to know,
Of lonely nursing life-consuming woe;—
Far from my kindred and my peaceful home,
No more thro' sheltering woods, at will to roam;

104 EPISTLE FROM YARICO TO INKLE.

No more, when rais'd in grief my tearful eye,
To meet the glance of pitying sympathy;
Nor more the human voice, alas! to hear,
Save in the tones of fury or of fear.—
Thus didst thou first behold the Indian move
Thro' her blest circle of command and love,
Where all admir'd, and all were prompt to go,
E'en at the slightest nod from Yarico?—
The stateliest chief, whose feather'd shafts had flown
'Mid every fight our country's woods have known,
Pleas'd to obey, and proud to win a smile,
Joyful, for me would court the hardest toil.
My young companions, in the evening hour,
With rival care would dress my summer bower;
Now weave dew-dropping garlands for my hair,
Now cool with waving leaves, the sultry air,
And while each anxious maid assiduous strove,
Ask'd but the kindly shew of grateful love.—

With endless gifts my sparry grot was spread,
 Shells for my neck, and coral for my head,
 And furs to clothe my limbs, or shade my bed.
 Where'er I went, or Love's or Friendship's eye
 Still met my happy glance in fond reply;
 Caress'd by all, my orphan state forgot,
 I lived to honour, and to bless my lot.
 What, tho' in am'rous crowds the warriors came
 Eager to breathe their emulative flame,
 Nor keen reproach, nor wild complaint they made,
 Since none could chide, where all were unbetrayed:
 They lov'd, they su'd, they wept, but could not blame,
 For Truth still shone round my unsullied name.—
 They prais'd my ebon tresses, braided wreath,
 The flashing brightness of my snowy teeth;
 Mine eyes that told whate'er their mistress felt,
 Where still the trusting heart unguarded dwelt;

106 EPISTLE FROM YARICO TO INKLE.

My frequent blush, which, like the clear moon-light,
(Full breaking on the darkness of the night,)
Threw o'er my dusky cheek, a lustre bright.—
Vain their applause, their tears, their presents vain;
I shunn'd their homage, tho' I mourn'd their pain.
My heart, alas! predoom'd by heaven's decree,
To bitterest pangs, was all reserv'd for thee.—
Ah, can I e'er that blissful hour forget
When first in leafy solitudes we met!
Left by strange chance upon our unknown coast,
All hope of freedom, as of country, lost,
Thy weary limbs beneath the forest's shade,
Fainting and sad, in languid grace were laid.—
Breathless I paus'd, I gaz'd with wild surprise;
Then met the noble pleading of thine eyes:
Heaven now seem'd open'd on my ravish'd sight,
And manly beauty dazzled like the light!
Ah, cruel! from that fatal time, each thought,
Each aim, each act, thy single safety sought:

Trembling I led thee to my grot profound;
 Where balmy flowers, fresh-gather'd, strew'd the ground,
 And cooling waters flow'd with lulling sound;
 Where countless nightingales the whole night long,
 Pour'd to the listening moon their melting song;
 Where the tall cedar wav'd its shadowing head,
 And screen'd with pierceless roof thy mossy bed;
 There sunk in sleep, and cradled in mine arms,
 Secure thy form répos'd, remote from harms.—
 When sick and sad, I nurs'd thee with such love
 As mothers for their dying infants prove.—
 The sounding quiver at my shoulders worn,
 Not for fierce sport, but mere defence was borne,
 My thoughts revolting turned from death and blood,
 Yet soon I courted both, to find thee food:—
 For thee I learn'd thro' trackless woods to go,
 Arm'd with the hunter's spear, or archer's bow;—
 For thee I brav'd the fury of my race,
 And sought concealment's dark and dangerous ways;

108 EPISTLE FROM YARICO TO INKLE.

For thee, to ceaseless care my youth consign'd,
To hope, to fear, to keen suspense my mind.—
Still thro' the day, upon the sandy plain
I watched with aching eyes the heaving main,
If haply, distant sail they might descry,
Which hail'd, might bring thee liberty and joy:
At night, to sweet retirement all devote,
Panting I led thee from my glittering grot,
And while fast lock'd in sleep, all others lay,
With thee I went thro' moon-light bowers to stray;
There by thy skilful art divinely strung,
A shell became melodious as thy tongue,
And sounds more strangely sweet, more soft and low,
Than southern winds, o'er beds of flowers that blow,
Mix'd their rich strains 'mid savage solitudes,
With fall of waters, and with whispering woods.—
Now loitering on the boundless ocean's shore,
While sooth'd I listen'd to its solemn roar,

EPISTLE FROM YARICO TO INKLE. 109

The sandy beach before my ravish'd sight,
Grew into scenes of wonder and delight;
Trac'd by thy hand, I saw, with rapt surprise,
Towns, castles, fleets, in gay succession rise;
And ah! how bright that smiling dome it drew,
Where first thy life the bliss of being knew!
Well did my doting heart its features learn,
Each favorite spot, each chosen haunt discern.—
The trees that wav'd around thy tranquil home,
The glens, the groves, where thou wast wont to roam,
The crystal stream that had reflected thee,
The walls that shelter'd, all were dear to me:
I joy'd to learn each scene, each prospect dear;
And still the theme was music to mine ear;
For there I hop'd to spend my blissful life,
Thy docile pupil, and exulting wife.—
Oh! think not then, its social groups had moved,
Or pictur'd wonders, if I less had loved:

110 EPISTLE FROM YARICO TO INKLE.

The wildest hut, the rudest den, with thee,
The very caverns of the soundless sea,
With life and light, were Paradise to me!
Thus, hadst thou blush'd in polish'd crowds to show
The poor untaught, the jetty Yarico,
Content with thee, her willing steps had gone
Where'er thy fate had led, or fancy flown;
Her world, thy single self; her happiness,
Thy bliss secur'd, thy life, thy tenderness!—
When Love thy tongue had learn'd, and taught my heart
To catch instinctive what thou wouldst impart,
What wonders didst thou open on my mind,
How grew my soul like thine, inform'd, refin'd!
How did I gaze on earth and sea and sky,
With thoughts unknown before, and ravish'd eye!
That moon, those stars, which once I lightly deem'd
But gems, that on Night's forehead gaily beam'd,
Now roll'd in glorious systems o'er my head,
And fill'd my bosom with religious dread.

EPISTLE FROM YARICO TO INKLE. 111

Then, with a seraph's zeal, and angel's speech,
Still would thy lips the Great Eternal teach;
His power, his wisdom, majesty, and love,
His wondrous laws on earth, his bliss above:
Entranc'd I heard, alas! and almost thought
In him that spoke, I saw the God he taught.—
O monstrous, strange, and foul depravity,
To know the best, yet chuse the worst to be!—
Could all thy radiant virtues then be feign'd?
Or since, hath guilt thy bosom's empire gain'd?
Changed from fond love, to loathing or to hate,
Thy views have varied with thy altered state:
Wafted too soop to scenes of polished ease,
Where health and safety breathed in every breeze,
That sure protection, and that love no more
Were sought or needed as in days before;
From other sources flowed enjoyment's tide,
And she, now useless grown, was cast aside.--

112 EPISTLE FROM YARICO TO INKLE.

O fool! to trust to words, or think the face
(Where Goodness seemed to wear the dress of Grace)
Was bond enough for faith! O fool, to read
Mere sense of right, for virtue's actual deed!
Weak wretch! to think his worth and love secure,
Whose selfish feeling made such honour sure;
When no temptation rose, no danger lay,
Save in base wandering from the faithful way!
Alas! by circumstance is virtue tried;—
Proof, proof alone, should be Affection's guide.
I had not learnt in those untutor'd days,
Such bitter lore, nor trod deception's maze.
I thought thee all perfection, found thee kind,
Nor knew guilt's lurking seed in man to find;
Cold selfishness, which, like the deadly tree,
Poisons all things in its vicinity.
Heavens! had a sordid interest power to move?
Or did thy breast no longer glow with love!

EPISTLE FROM YARICO TO INKLE. 113

Had my prais'd beauties lost with time their charms?

Or love been surfeited in love's true arms?—

Thy sex by art and calculation won,

From truth and humbleness, disdainful run:—

Yes! when we love too well, with careless ease

Our dearest aim we lose, the power to please;

Fond and bewilder'd, all around us seems

Like things unreal, strange, fantastic dreams;

We dread to fail where most we would succeed,

And when we fear, alas, we fail indeed!—

Thus haply ruined by my love's excess,

Thou more hadst priz'd, if I had worshipped less.

Yet, when did look or speech of thine declare,

That I no longer to thy sense was fair?—

Each day that fled, by new endearments filled,

With livelier confidence my bosom thrilled;

Thy passion spoke in sighs, and on thy tongue

Still bliss and gratitude enamoured hung.

114 EPISTLE FROM YARICO TO INKLE.

O! there are hours, which when by thought renewed,
Leave all my soul to tenderness subdued,
In haste from later scenes I turn mine eye,
Leap their dark gulph, and spring again to joy!
How could I doubt that flush of raptured red
Which o'er thy face expressive beauty spread;
That pulse which throbbed all visible and high,
At my admiring glance, or tender sigh!
O! who that had that gracious aspect seen,
Had guessed a vain and selfish soul within?—
Those gentle eyes with thought and sweetness filled,
That voice whose tones e'en careless hearers thrilled,
That finished form, whose very turn defined
The graceful movements of a polish'd mind;
Were these so soon to blast my startled eye
With words and looks of thankless apathy!—
All on that altered brow was stern and chill,
All in that ruthless bosom, cold and still,

When on Barbadoes' shore, thy mandate gave
 The trusting Indian to a living grave.—
 O moment of despair! my ear received
 The sound, but not the sense at first believed;
 Till scared by frightful men, who rudely grasped
 That tender waist which oft thine arms had clasped,
 I shrieked, I flew, I sought thy well-known breast,
 And looked at once for safety and for rest.
 O dire remembrance! from thy bosom cast,
 Again before my sight wild phrenzy past,
 Rooted I stood my dreadful doom to hear,
 No breath my pale lips gave, mine eyes no tear;
 Still silence reigned, and thy departing step
 Roused my lost spirit from its torpid sleep;
 Then, my wild cry resounded thro' the air;
 It called thee not, to pity, or to spare,
 No, 'twas the cry of madness and despair.
 Cureless the wound thy murderous hand had given,
 Thou couldst not close the heart that stroke had riven;

116 EPISTLE FROM YARICO TO INKLE.

No confidence again my soul could prove,
No pride, no self-approof, no doting love!—
He who alone the hearts of mortals reads,
Repentance may receive in place of deeds;
He, only he, with certain trust may rest
On the frail sinner's late-repenting breast;
Man's finite soul may only pardon give,
But never bid lost confidence revive.
Then vain the hope that e'er this breast shall know
Again transporting love's life-brightening glow!
Vain the fond dream, that happiness will come
Once more to seek with me her earthly home!
No, tho' with tears the deed thou shouldst deplore,
I ne'er could trust, and ne'er believe thee more,—
Broke the fond spell that deified thy worth,
Sunk is my idol to the humbling earth!
Ah, what a blot on Nature's beauteous face
Was deep imprinted by thy foul disgrace!

EPISTLE FROM YARICO TO INKLE. 117

Objects that once were fair, now threat'ning seem
With strange deceit, and monstrous change to teem;
All that was lovely, noble, wise, and kind,
Summed up to me, appeared in the refin'd;
But thou art fallen! passed like a meteor light,
Which for a moment shot athwart the night;
All then, in Virtue's, as in Beauty's world,
Is now with thee to dark oblivion hurl'd,—
Then fare thee well, vain world! vain hope! vain joy!
Your shades no more my struggling thoughts employ:
O let me strive to think of transports still!
But such alone as saints and angels fill!
What tho' my heart be shut by dire despair
'Gainst each emotion sweet, or object fair;
Tho' tears of blood I weep, and see alone,
One dismal pall o'er all creation thrown,
Yet may I catch at times a glimpse of Heaven,
(Thy cruel deed forgotten, or forgiven.)
Assured, that tho' from earthly comfort driven,

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118 EPISTLE FROM YARICO TO INKLE.

I soon shall taste in yonder realm above,
Such bliss as mocked me in a mortal's love;
At once the gates of Eden and the tomb
Shall he unlock, whose warning accents come
Now on mine ear; thou angel stern of death!
I hear thy voice, I feel thy with'ring breath!
Awful indeed thou art, but thou wilt bear
This outraged spirit from its load of care;
A moment's pang, an instant's frightful dream,
And I shall wake in Heaven's unclouded beam,
Drink from the living fount perpetual joy,
And Time's brief woes forget in long Eternity!—
Take then, my last farewell! O thou whom yet
Tho' changed to ill, I never can forget!
Plunged in gay crowds, or lonely in the shade,
Still be my wrongs by Memory's hand pourtrayed!
May every tear thou seest, each mournful tone,
Seem my far sadder tear, and deeper groan!

EPISTLE FROM YARICO TO INKLE. 119

May every look that would affection speak,
Chill pleasure's rose upon thy faithless cheek!
And each dark grave near which thy footsteps tread,
Shew thee poor Yarico's last, earthly bed!—
Ah! not for vengeance doth this prayer ascend
To him, the orphan's sire, the stranger's friend!
No; when remorse, to blest repentance changed,
Restores to Heaven thy soul, now lost, estranged,
When thou with tears hast sought the throne of Grace,
And found its mercy every stain efface;
Then may thy days unclouded sunshine know,
And brighter worth from Christian sorrow flow!
May many a wretch from ruin snatch'd by thee,
Atone for all thy injuries to me!
And when thy life hath touch'd its destined line,
● may my soul rejoice in Heaven with thine!

A WAR-SONG.

WRITTEN IN THE SUMMER OF 1808.

[It is possible that some of my readers may have met with these verses in Spanish, and may therefore pronounce the original writer a plagiarist. She thinks it right to mention, that soon after they were written, she gave them in MS. to Sir Thomas Dyer, through whom they became known to many persons; they were afterwards translated, and set to music by the Spanish General Moretti.]

WAKE, Spaniards, wake! or Freedom falls!—

On you, your country's Genius calls;

Her cries are heard from Madrid's walls,

Mourning your doom of Slavery.—

Rouse each bold heart! nerve each strong arm!

Let patriot fire your bosoms warm;

Be War's fierce voice like Music's charm,

When raised for godlike Liberty!

O! call to mind, those days of yore,
When Glory's hand your standard bore
O'er Guadalhara's* steepy shore,
Mid bands of dauntless chivalry!—

On, gallant men! assert your cause,
Armed for your faith, your rights, your laws;
In vain the foe his faulchion draws,
Threatening a bloody rivalry:

What, tho' from every gushing vein
Your life's blood float each battle-plain,
O! still the glorious fight maintain,
And snatch bright Immortality!—

* The famous battle of Tolosa, A. D. 1211.

Lo! host of anxious angels lean
From Heaven, to view the awful scene,
While crowns of Eden's deathless green,
They grasp for righteous Victory.—

Then haste on wings of triumph move!
Wave your bright swords! those swords shall prove
Avenging lightning from above,
Blasting the brow of Tyranny!

LINES

WRITTEN AFTER READING THE "CORINNE" OF MADAME DE
STAEL, AND ~~THE~~ "PSYCHE" OF THE LATE MRS. HENRY
TIGHE, OF ROSANNA.

MAGIC omnipotent! resistless power
Of Genius, seraph-lipp'd! how doth thy force
Seize the most fixed soul, and bear it on
Thro' every change of passion, pain, or joy!—
How mighty is thy sway! how wide its range!
How varied, e'en in uniform design!—
Lo! now thro' different lips, thy voice inspired,
Speaks to my heart; transports, depresses, fills!—
In rapt amazement lost, the same fond theme
Wondering I hear, and mark how different each!—
Methinks from deep shades, swells th' Æolian lyre;
While from some twilight grove, soft Philomel
Warbles her rival song.—Hark to the strains!—

124 LINES ON 'CORINNE' AND 'PSYCHE.'

That magic instrument which Heaven's own breath
Wakes to mysterious music, that sweet harp,
Low to the breeze in dying languor sighs!
Now louder roused, rings like the trumpet's blast
To Glory calling!—next, with temp'rate swell,
Gentle, and soft, and calm, in lulling tone,
Spreads rest and tender bliss o'er all things round,
Tuning the mind to dreams of holy peace.—
Now, whispering voices like the heavenly choir,
Scarce breathed, scarce heard, suspend my thrilling heart:
Then moanings, as of melancholy shades,
Chill Rapture's pulse.—Anon, from yon dark pass,
Rusheth the wind, and borne on wailing wing,
With piercing blast of sound, sweeps all the strings
In Phrensy's sudden shriek, or demon's yell:
Now resting on one deep and dismal note,
Continuous, strange, and wild, it loads the ear
With loud lament of hopeless, fixed despair.—
The strain is o'er!—mute now, the mystic breath!—

LINES ON 'CORINNE' AND 'PSYCHE.' 125

Sadness and stillness reign; alone disturbed
By the heart's beatings;—ceased!—in silence fix'd!—

Ah, sounds divine! whence flow ye? from yon copse,
Steal on the depth of night, melodious sighs
From Love's own bosom heaved: the warbled lay,
First softly wooing, then lamenting sad,
Now trembling with delight, with hope, half bliss,
With dear persuasion of partaken joy,
Soars and descends by turns: all nature melts
To softer charm, beneath its influence pure;
With tenderer light, looks down the pensive moon;
With gentler murmur glide the silver streams;
More balmy breathe the flowers; and stiller stand
The listening trees; the human breast o'erflows
With holy rapture; virtue, love, and joy
All swell together, till in tears dissolved,
The sweet emotions find their happy way.—
Nightingale of Rosanna! thou art gone!

126 LINSE ON 'CORINNE' AND 'PSYCHE.'

Snatched 'mid thy tuneful life, to sing above!—
Earth's guilty echoes, dared not answer thee;
(Echoes, so oft devote to Passion's voice,
Tuneful indeed, but lawless, and profane.)
Wondering we saw the stream o'erflowing Love,
Yet pure from mortal dross; as tho' it well'd
Strait from the fount of Heaven!—ah, sure it did!
And to that sacred source hath back returned.—
How happy they, who 'mid thy native shades
Roved near thee ever, and with tranced ear
Or heard thy liquid notes thro' joyous day,
Mixed, (still pre-eminent,) with Nature's band
Of varied minstrels; or with deeper draught,
Drank their rich nectar 'mid the lonely scenes
Of night and silence! happy they! whilst we
(Thro' deep embowering woods, at distance far,)
But heart thee once, tho' never to forget!—
And thou, O harp of strange and wondrous mould!
Thou lyre Æolian! may the air that wakes

LINES ON 'CORINNE' AND 'PSYCHE.' 127

Again thy cords, come fraught with peace or joy!
May never blast of madd'ning anguish shake
Those chords; nor the life-with'ring sighs of grief,
Nor blighted hopes, in sad vibration dwell
Upon thy mournful strings! when next they speak,
May all blest Araby's innumerable sweets
Hang on the breeze that sweeps them into sound!
May breath of angels aid the blissful gale,
And while thou warblest love, awake the soul
To thought of Love's best world, the world of Heaven!

THE COMPARISON.

HEALTH runs quick thro' Youth's full veins;

Age is weak and fraught with pains:

Youth's fresh cheek is smooth and red;

Age's pale and withered:

Youth's clear eyes are strong and bright;

Age's dim as glimmering night:

Youth is active, warm, and bold;

Age is sluggish, tim'rous, cold:

Youth of ardent hope is full;

Age's hopes are few and dull:

Youth with warm emotion glows;

Age's buried is, in snows:

Youth life's rarest joys would have;

Age doth only ask a grave:

Shall we then ere Youth depart,
From old Age abhorrent start?
No: beneath a different light,
Age will please, and Youth affright.—
Youth, indeed, is strong and fair,
And old Age worn with former care,
But Age's passions all are still;
While Youth's, sweet peace and reason kill:
Age's heart is schooled to bear;
Youth meets suffering with despair:
Age in human frailty learned,
Calm sees good to evil turned;
Youth expecting constancy,
Sees man change, with agony:
Age by longing for the pyre,
Tranquil views the world retire;
Youth when exiled thence by woes,
Loving and lamenting goes:

Age's heart is fixed on Heaven;
Youth's to terrene objects given:
Haste then, Youth, unmourned, away;
Come Life's twilight clear, tho' grey!
'Neath whose pure celestial shade
Stars shine out, and earth-lights fade!

AN ADDRESS.

YE Winds, whose sounding pinions sweep
The awful bosom of the deep,
And every shore!
Thou starry Heaven, whose sleepless eyes,
This earth's remotest boundaries
E'en now explore!

O tell me of some solitude,
In cavern deep, or desert rude,
Howe'er remote,
Some place where sound of human woe
Ne'er comes to chill youth's bosom glow;
I'll bless the spot.

O tell me, if such spot there be,
And far from sad society,
These feet shall haste;
Eager to shun the sight of grief,
(Since pity cannot yield relief,)
My days I'll waste!—

On sweep the blasts! yet Fancy's ear
Catches at times thro' tempest drear,
These accents stern.

"Weak child of ignorance! refrain;
Cease thus to urge a question vain;
Listen and learn!

"From pole to pole, where'er we fly,
We see no shelter 'neath the sky,
From human ill;
Sorrow and Pain are Virtue's soil;
Thus man is doom'd thro' life to toil,
Unwearied still;

"His task fulfilled, the fruit obtained,
Bliss and a bright reward are gained,
Eternal both.

Go! ask not then, yon starry sky
For earthly spot from grief to hie,
But nothing loth,

ADDRESS TO A BROTHER'S BUST. 135

"Back to the world, and bravely dare
Of grief and wrong, thy destined share;
Resume life's load;
Mourn not, but aid thy kindred dust,
And for their final blessing, trust
Safely, thy God!"

ADDRESS

TO THE BUST OF AN ABSENT BROTHER.

WHILE thus around thy neck I throw
My arms, and to my bosom press thee,
In vain I seek thy cheeks' warm glow,
Or ask thy lips to smile and bless me!

134 ADDRESS TO A BROTHER'S BUST.

O Brother dear! where art thou now?

Where doth the storm portentous, drive thee?
Torn like a green leaf from the bough,
Must war of all thy hopes deprive thee?

Bright as thy goodness shone thy day,
Love's fairest star its morn illuming,
And rising Honour poured his ray
O'er bowers in future blessings blooming:

But now, with sudden clouds o'ercast,
Thy path is doubtful, dark, and dreary;
Driven by stern Power's resistless blast,
Thou wanderest wild with none to cheer thee.—

O where are now thy Marie's smiles,
Her fond, fond looks, her accents soothing;
Those tender cares, which care beguiles,
The heart's oft-ruffled pinions smoothing?

ADDRESS TO A BROTHER'S BUST. 135

Where is thy Mother's, Sisters' love?

Alas! what doth it all avail thee?

Far distant now, it cannot move,

Save with new sorrow to assail thee:

God's voice alone can still the storm

Which on thy guiltless head is raining;

O may his grace our hearts inform,

With faith their failing hopes sustaining!

SONNET, SOLITUDE.

THRO' balmy groves the young Pavonius rushes,
 Parting with wanton wing, their foliage light,
 Beneath Sol's gaze awakening Flora blushes,
 And binds her radiant hair with wreaths as bright;
 Spring's sweetest breath the cheek of Nature flushes,
 While Love's own minstrel wooes the pitying night;
 At that blest sound, the Sphere's soft music hushes,
 They bend entranced to hear, from Heaven's steep height.—
 How fair the scene, if to my bosom's measure,
 Some dear companion's breast responsive beat;
 If they, now far away, but shared my treasure
 Of wanderings wide and wild, and feelings sweet!—
 But ah! I lonely rove, and lonely pleasure
 Suits not a heart, of social thoughts the seat!

TO THE ——— REGIMENT,

GOING ON FOREIGN SERVICE.

MARCH on, in all your proud attire,
 Ye blooming band, with souls of fire,
 Ye, who to Glory's wreath aspire,
 On danger's height hung dreadfully!

March on! march on! in long array,
 With glittering arms, and banners gay,
 With plumes that on the breezes play,
 And music clashing martially!

Strange joyance thro' the gazing throng
 Ye scatter, as ye pass along;
 They hear in your loud cymbal's song,
 The glorious sound of victory!

138 TO THE ——— REGIMENT, &c.

They see in all this gorgeous light
Of steel, and gold, and trappings bright,
Your glad return from conquering fight,
And hail its prospect joyfully.

Alas! thro' sad and blinding tears
I see you on your early biers
That music, to my shuddering ears,
Plays but your dirges dismally!—

To me, like victims dressed ye go;
For tho' in youthful strength ye glow,
Still swift behind the pageant show,
Death follows, pale, and silently.

Some, shall the yellow plague destroy;
Some, 'neath the stormy ocean lie;
And some, on distant fields shall die,
Or pine in sad captivity.—

Ah, blooming band, like roses fair!
Why must so soon War's stormy air
Your summer leaves and blossoms tear,
Laying you low, eternally?

SONNET.

ON QUITTING THE COUNTRY.

YE clouds, that borne upon the winged wind,
In shapes fantastic, cross the setting sun!
Ye mountain streams, whose icy waters run
In leaf-strewn dells, unhaunted by mankind!
Ye spreading trees, in darkest umbrage joined,
When I was wont the glare of mirth to shun!
Ye nightingales, whose soft songs have begun
When moonlight tipped the woods where ye were shrined!

I leave you all ! since duty bids me go
Where I nor trees, nor mountain-streams shall see;
Nor hear the birds, nor mark the bright clouds flee;
Where Nature never soothes the mourner's woe;
But where cold Pleasure sees the sad tear flow,
Yet never cares to ask how it should be?

AN ABJURATION.

O ROSE of Love! wouldst thou but last,
Nor shed thy silken leaves so fast,
No other flower of blooming pride,
That o'er life's desert scattered wide,
Grows here and there, at distance thrown,
Would make, like thee, man's care, its own!

His hand would rear, his heart would form
Thy shelter from each earthly storm;
Blest by thy sweets, completely blest,
No wish, no want could stir his breast;
Yet then, perhaps, his erring mind
Such fulness of content would find,
That he'd forget a richer prize,
The lasting Rose of Paradise.
For this, 'tis will'd that thou shouldst be,
(And such thy charm might prove to me!)
But the fair creature of a day,
Bud, burst, and bloom, then fade away.—
O Rose of Love! wouldst thou but last,
I'd freely let the rifling blast
Rend every other fragrant flower
That decks young Pleasure's fairy bower;
Each laurel high, each olive green,
Which Fame and Friendship weave between;

Each brilliant plant, (exotics rare!)
Which Genius wills should blossom there:
O! from them all, who would not part
To wear thee ever in his heart?—
But since I see that all around
Thy fragile beauties strew the ground;
That still the slightest breeze will rend,
Tho' watchful tenderness defend;
That on a single tempest's gales,
Thy balmy soul too oft exhales,
O be thy fatal sweets unworn,
And Friendship's hardier plant, my breast adorn!

STANZAS

TO A GLOW-WORM,

WHICH WAS DISCOVERED IN A HEDGE BY A GENTLEMAN,
AND GIVEN TO THE WRITER.

RETURN, poor Glow-worm, to thy home!

If thou thy home may'st find again!

And ah! I charge thee ne'er to roam

Where stray the steps of cruel men.—

On grassy bank, in lonely dell,

Hang thou unseen, thine emerald lamp,

And never more man's wanderings tell

Thro' tangled brake, or marshes damp?

For he will rudely seize thy light,
And bear thee (ingrate!) far away,
If chance no other star thro' night
Should kindly point a leading ray;

And he will scan with curious eye,
The beauties of thy tortured form;
Thoughtless, that e'en the worm, the fly,
Are each with tender instinct warm.

Ah! get thee to thy home once more;
I cannot hold thee thus unmoved,
For thou hast sure some little store
Of friends that love thee, friends beloved:

Thy native realm of greenest grass,
Thro' which thy greener lustre shot,
Thy kindred stars of earth, alas!
Are all too dear to be forgot;

Then thus from my confining hand,

Then thus from my tear-dropping eye,

At Pity's soft but firm command,

I bid thee go, and homewards hie.—

So, oft in Summer's breezy night,

When darkling, thro' the woods I stray,

May'st thou with sudden splendor bright,

Illume, and guide my dubious way!

So, oft may I, exulting view

Thy fairy moonlight's magic spell,

And hail with love and rapture due,

The shades where thou and Freedom dwell!

SONNET.

WRITTEN DURING SEVERE ILLNESS.

GAY-FLOATING o'er the woods, whose orient trees
Glow with the splendor of autumnal light,
A rustic chorus loads the springing breeze,
And tells of active youth, and joyance bright!
To them, Time halts not in his onward flight,
They mark not how he hastes, nor how delays;
Tho' dark the prospect of their life's sad night,
Health clears the sky where Hope expands her rays.
For me, Elysium now would spread in vain,
Or dazzling visions rise, of bliss to come;
To my sick gaze impervious vapours stain
All cheerful forms, and shew me but the tomb:
Alas! no hope may wasted life supply,
In Joy's or Sorrow's arms, alike I die!

A WISH.

GRANT me, kind Heaven! to call mine own,
A little cottage, overgrown
With honeysuckle and with rose;
In whose small garden, duly blows
Carnations, lilies, jasmine spreading,
And all the juicy fruits that redden:
A cottage near a lane, whose banks,
Steep and romantic, equal ranks
Of high, umbrageous trees embower,
(Sweet shelter from a transient shower!)
Thick sown with violets, and made
Of nightingales the leafy shade;
Where I may walk in summer night
Through breath of flowers, and soft moonlight!
Let a clear spring refreshing run,
Far from the hot glance of the sun,

Beside my straw-roofed cot, whose willows
May thickly sweep its mimic billows,
Deep in some distant dell, retire
The peaceful hamlet's ivied spire,
From which the silver bells may oft,
Ring round their changes, sweet and soft,
O'er some wild common's calm expanse
Where I might stray in musing trance.—
Then add to this, a plenteous store
Of ancient and of modern lore;
A chosen friend with whom to talk,
Or read, or gather flowers, or walk;
Whose kind, approving looks might be
My heaviest toil's o'erpaying fee,
To whom I dedicate my life,
Either as sister, friend, or wife:
O add but these, and thou canst grant
Nought else that I should wish or want.

APPREHENSION.

AH present joy! shall I ever deplore thee?
Vanishing scenes! shall no morrow restore ye?
Trembling I taste of your quick-passing pleasures,
Fearful I gaze on your far-spreading treasures!
E'en while my heart, purest rapture possessing,
Beats with the sense of affection and blessing,
E'en while each moment is marked by enjoying,
Fear of the future that joy is alloying.
Alas! should ye pass, sweetest moments! for ever,
And return to this now-happy bosom, oh never!
Alas! should I e'er for those eyes vainly seeking,
Which now to my soul are so tenderly speaking;
For those voices beloved, whose kind music enthrals me,
Whose words still to friendship and confidence call me,

Should I listen in vain—find delight but a vision,
O how could I bear the life-ending transition?
Yes, death—but I turn from the wretched foreboding;
No more shall strange doubts my heart's treasure corroding,
With thought of such sorrow as never may harm me,
From bliss that is real and present alarm me.
Then welcome again cheering hope and believing!
I yield to your call (tho' perhaps 'tis deceiving.)
In the future I trust, without fear evanescent,
And return with fond haste to the arms of the present.

AN ADDRESS
WRITTEN DURING SICKNESS.

O HEALTH! I ask thee not to shed

Thy sunshine o'er my days;

I ask thee not my cheek to spread

With thy vermilion blaze!

The wasting form, the with'ring cheek,

The dim and rayless eye,

The voice that falters faint and weak,

In sick despondency.

The joyless heart, the blunted sense,

The day of gnawing pain,

The sleepless night's sad influence,

Or dream of fever'd brain.

152 ADDRESS WRITTEN DURING SICKNESS.

These still be mine, if such the will
Of Him who reigns above;
But O! one last request fulfil,
And bless the friend I love!


Back to that gracious form restore
Its youthful spring and grace,
Let thy life-giving breeze once more
Each slacken'd fibre brace!

Bloom to the cheek, light to the eye,
Let thy sweet breath impart;
And give, O smiling deity!
Thy buoyance to the heart.

So shall the noblest mortal form,
The aspect half-divine,
With thee, and Joy, and Beauty, warm,
Thro' life, unclouded shine.

ODE TO A FAITHLESS FRIEND. 153

So shall the spirit framed to bless,
Enlighten and delight,
Thro' many a year of happiness,
Diffuse its genial light.



ODE

TO A FAITHLESS FRIEND.

WHEN day with all her train hath fled,
Say, canst thou seek thy downy bed,
And calmly there repose thy head,
While thou rememberest me?

And canst thou at the morning hour,
In dewy wood, or rosy bower,
With transport feel bright nature's power,
While thou rememberest me?

154 ODE TO A FAITHLESS FRIEND.

At eve, when social crowds are nigh,
Say can thy conscious heart beat high
At fond affection's gazing eye,
While thou rememberest me?

Ah! sure a poison must distil
From every sweet emotion's thrill,
And self-reproach thy breast must fill,
While thou rememberest me?

SONNET

ON JANE.

O TURN my soul! cast thy world-wearied eye
On the "soft green" of one still gracious heart!
There gaze with love, with confidence, with joy,
And consolation let the view impart.
Tho' some have failed thee; some have made thee start,
To see what erst appeared of deathless dye,
All dark and changing; thou may'st not depart
From gazing here, but with full rapture's sigh:
For here all verdant, lovely, pure, and bright,
Each grace and virtue grows in native soil,
While Thought and Piety together toil,
To shield their Eden from terrestrial blight:
Be these its guardians still, and thou may'st smile,
Enjoy its endless spring and cloudless light!

LINES

ON BEING OFFERED A ROSE D'AMOUR.

O NOT the Rose d'Amour to me!

Too many thorns that Rose surround:
Those thorns will pierce, those thorns will wound,
How sweet soe'er the flower may be!

Yet give it back—for dear it is
To every heart beloved of mine;
They joy to steal its blushing kiss,
To drink its nectar'd breath divine.

Then let me place it in my breast,
And muse, as my full heart o'erflows,
On many a feeling sad and blest,
Which memory couples with the Rose.

MONODY**ON THE DEATH OF CAPT. H. P.****INSCRIBED TO L. J. ESQ.**

I CALL not Venus, with such pallid flowers
As erst she scatter'd o'er Adonis' grave;
I call not Phœbus with those tears he shed
O'er Hyacinthus dead,
Weeping the youth he kill'd, but could not save:
Ah no! I ask no heathen god to rave;
I need no eyes to weep, but those that knew
The brave and generous whom these lines lament;
For they have seen and lov'd him, and can well
Bear heavy witness to this sorrow due.
Alas young Horace from our sight is rent!
He, who was blest by nature with a spell

To charm with converse sweet, the passing hours;
Even he, for whom I ring this tuneful knell.

If there be any eye that did not know
The form of Horace, and with cold neglect
Weeps not his heavy loss,
Which doth not bend
O'er the chill stone that doth his corse protect,
Ah! let it hither look, and I will soon
Teach that dull eye with pitying grief to flow:
It shall bedew, with me, the recent moss
Which wraps a mantle round his marble urn.
For he was gather'd in his beauty's spring,
By cruel Death, who biddeth all things end;
E'en while in lovely pride he grew, and cast
Sweet-smelling odours round,
And flourished fair,
Waving his blossoms on young Zephyr's wing,
The spoiler came, and on the cold dank ground,

With one wide blast
 Scattered his leaves, and left a desert there.
 Yet Horace! tho' thy earthly part be flown,
 Thy spiritual may, with joy most holy,
 Mark how we love and how lament thee here;
 For thou hast left behind thee on the earth,
 A laurell'd trophy of thy martial deeds;
 And all thy young companions, to thy worth
 Bear tribute strong,
 A ceaseless tribute in the falling tear.
 For thee I hear the gallant Henry sigh,
 He whose least sigh is sad as other's groan;
 For thee, the softer Francis mourns alone,
 And o'er thy early bier,
 Seen dim by weeping eye,
 Bends in a trance of tender melancholy.
 And he, who knew thee best, loved thee most dear,
 O'er thy insensate pall
 Still gives his grief in heavy floods to fall.

160 **THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.**

Yes, chiefly he, amid the mourning throng
Demands the tribute of this dirge-like song;
O! long shall he, clad in true Friendship's weeds,
Weep with a widow'd heart that thou art gone!

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

WHEN primrose tufts and daffodils,
Smell sweetly from the breezy hills;
When nightingales do softly sing,
O then we learn the time is spring!

When trees are leafy, roses blown;
When fragrant hay is gaily mown;
When cuckoos shout, and wild-bees hum,
'Tis then we know that summer's come!

When golden grain is gathered all;
When mellowed pears and apples fall;
When hooting owls at night we hear,
Joyous we say, the autumn's near!

When trees are bare, and streams are still;
When cheerful fires the chimnies fill;
When redbreasts join our social meal,
Ah then! cold winter's breath we feel!

SONNET.
TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

WHILE fresh and green the trees around me sway,
And cheerful Zephyr pipes their glades among;
While the bright moon, like bashful bride of day,
With silver feet walks the clear heavens along;
O nightingale! thy melancholy song
I hear and wonder why so sad a lay
Still waits not on the passing year's decay,
When scatter'd leaves the lonely valleys throng.
Why, gentle bird! in April's spangled woods,
And May's sweet bowers, thus breathe thy tuneful sigh
When beds of faded boughs, and wither'd buds,
'Mid sorrowing autumn's scenes, congenial rise?
She o'er thy soft lament would weep in floods,
While spring insulting seems to mock pale sorrow's cry

REMEMBRANCE
OF A LITTLE FAVOURITE.

AH! sweetest child! tho' ne'er again
I may to this sad bosom press thee,
Yet still thro' years of anxious pain,
My heart shall love, my lips shall bless thee.

Still, still with tears of fond regret,
Shall thought in waking dreams recal thee,
And oft by many fears beset,
Muse o'er the ills that may befall thee.

For never can I cease to dwell
On all thy looks and acts endearing;
Thy prattling tongue, remembered well;
Thy gaze, while song or story hearing.

164 REMEMBRANCE OF A FAVOURITE.

Those speaking eyes, that kindled oft
 With more than childish sense or feeling;
Those pretty arms caressing soft;
 That kiss to dry my tears when stealing.

That mimic air of martial rage,
 While sword or gun thy hand was grasping
That studious look o'er letter'd page;
 That smile, while watchful Pero clasping.

That fairy grace, with which thy feet
 Danced artless, every eye delighting;
While pleasure genuine and sweet,
 Shone from thy features, love-exciting.

Those budding charms of mind and heart;
 That wond'rous taste, that temper even;
All, all thou wast, nay, all thou art,
 An angel turning earth to heaven.

These from my heart no time can take,
Nor changing scenes make me forget thee;
I loved thee for thy own sweet sake,
And for thine own sake shall regret thee.

LINES TO THERESE.

WHILE others sing thy figure's charms,
Thy graceful neck, thy polished arms,
Thy shining tresses, brilliant eyes,
Rich in expression's witcheries,
I, read thy mind and tender heart,
Whose movements scorn the veil of art;
I gaze enraptured on thy soul,
And wond'ring at the perfect whole,

Despairing cast my lyre away,
And check the vain presumptuous lay.
O my Therese! tho' art may trace
The features of thy charming face,
And Genius catch thy look inspired,
By all acknowledged, all admired,
Yet ah! in after-times, what spell
Shall of thy varied talents tell?
What portrait can the future find,
To fix and eternize thy mind?

SONNET.
TO THE^R LAUREL.

GREEN canopy of Gods! beneath whose shade,
In bright Elysian plains, unwearied rove
The awful spirits of the mighty dead!
Thou lofty tree, whose boughs all nations love!
I ask thee not, presumptuous, o'er my head
To bid thy brow-anointing branches move:
O be thy umbrage round by brother spread,
And I the fullest joy on earth shall prove.
If Fame, that eagle cradled in thy boughs,
Soar but to Jove with his world-honor'd name,
All views ambitious for myself shall close,
Seeking with downward eye an humbler aim:
And from thy sacred bower no leaf I'll tear,
While the vale-lily's wreath, unboastful, binds my hair.

SONNET.

ON HEARING VILLAGE BELLS.

YE mournful bells! ah! never on mine ear
Falleth your mellow sweetness, but mine eyes
Still fill with recollection's bitter tear,
For scenes whose memory every fall supplies!
Such was your nightly peal, when thro' the skies
(My childhood's hallow'd idol!) Cynthia clear,
Slow and sublimely moved: ah, I did prize
Her beams, and loved thy tender rounds to hear!
For little thought I, while each infant cheek
Glitter'd the tears of doubtful pleasure thro',
How much of real sorrow soon should speak
Pangs to my heart; how I should list to you,
Drooping and sad, musing those happy times,
When reckless then of care, I hearken'd to your chimes!

A COMMENTARY.

"Sorrow endureth for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

YES! in the morning of the Just,
 When springing from her cell of dust,
 The soul shakes off this mortal clay,
 And soars to Heaven's eternal day!—
 But hear, in this sad world, all joy
 Is a brief meteor born to die;
 A moment's light, an instant's bliss;
 Meeting's first glance, or Welcome's kiss;
 A phantom in mad Fancy's train;
 A hope to lull some cureless pain;
 A distant prospect still in view;
 (Where all things seem, but none are true.)
 Youth's self-created, wild belief,
 Unreal, transient, false as brief;

Manhood's vain search; and Age's scorn;
For Truth of pale Experience born,
Too late with glance divinely bright,
Puts every magic shape to flight,
And where gay Fancy's palace stood,
Shews the bare waste, or tangled wood,
The yawning gulph, and stormy flood.—
Let me then dare with steadfast eye
To read man's wondrous destiny;
And with courageous spirit look
On all that's in that fearful book;
Assured, that when the hand of Age
Shall turn the last momentous page,
And Death the tedious volume close,
He, from whose love e'en suffering flows,
Will with almighty power unrol
On man's astonished, ravished soul,
The record of celestial joy,
The roll of Immortality!

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LAMENT OF A RETURNED EXILE.

O WOODS of green Erin! sweet, sweet was the breeze
That rustled long since, thro' your wide-spreading trees!
And sweet was the flow of your waters to hear,
And precious my cabin, the home of my dear!

For then, thro' your groves, by your waters I walked,
And with Norah of love and of happiness talked;
While calm as the moonlight that shew'd her mild charms,
Our child softly sleeping, lay hushed in her arms:

But now, that I visit thee, Erin! again,
Tho' years have passed o'er, they've passed o'er me in vain;
Thy woods, and thy lakes, and thy mountains, no more
Can awake such fond thrills as they kindled before:

Still green are thy mountains, still green are thy groves,
Still tranquil the water my sad spirit loves;
But dark is my home, and wild, wild its trees wave,
For my wife and my infant are dust in the grave.

SONNET.

NIGHT.

Now gleam the clouded host of stars! and now
The vestal Dian with her lamp of light
Half-veiled in mists, above the mountain's brow
Glides thro' the shadowy sky, and gilds the night:
Here, while the desert moor, the water still,
In deepest gloom are stretched, and dim and far,

The hamlet rests in sleep, what fancies fill
This lonely heart, and holier musings mar!
For haply now, amid yon specious scene,
Death's noiseless scythe some blooming youth destroys;
Or Sorrow o'er wan embers weeps past joys;
Or houseless Hunger raves with anguish keen;
Or Murder o'er some corpse, with bloody hands,
Heark'ning the last dread cry, tremendous stands!

LINES

SENT WITH A FANCIFUL BROOCH.


START not, my best-loved friend! tho' I
Send you a Heart and Butterfly!—
Think not, such Brooch is meant to be
An emblem of Inconstancy.
The heart, of Love's own blushing hue,
Paints my affection, warm and true;
The glittering insect's azure dress,
Denotes my changeless steadfastness;
Then both conjoined, they form a whole,
Which is—the giver's heart and soul.

SONG.

IMITATED FROM THE GERMAN.

WHEN the dark grave this corse is hiding
From cheerful day's life-kindling light,
My mournful shade thro' silence gliding,
Will seek thee in the dead of night,
And with a sighing voice impart
The secrets of this burthen'd heart.

Think not, my Ghost with wild accusing,
Will come to torture, or reprove;
O no!—a brief resentment losing,
That shade will murmur only love;
And with its airy voice impart
The secrets of my burthen'd heart.



Then, all the doubtful past, revealing,
My love, my wrongs, my slander'd truth,
(No earthly shame that spirit feeling,—
Shame, the strong bond of blushing youth!)
My earth-freed soul will read in thine,
If once it loved, or cheated mine.

SONG.

'TIS blithe to lead the sprightly dance,
Where lights, and gems, and beauties glance;
Where all is bright, and all is gay,
And wit disports, and minstrels play!

'Tis sweet thro' leafy woods to rove
In summer night, with friend we love,
And as we view the starry sky,
Discourse on immortality!

But blither is the heart's warm beat,
Than all its joy 'mid twinkling feet,
When prostrate lies a ruthless foe,
And self-withheld, we stay the blow!

And sweeter is the tear that's shed
In pardon o'er the offender's head,
Than balmy walk in summer night,
With converse by the soft moonlight.

A COMPLAINT.

"IN the summer of youth, while beloved and while loving,
The heart finds in life, an Elysium of charms,
'Tis sad to behold the fair pageant removing,
Or lose the bright object that courted our arms!

"If parents severe, to the fond bosom-feeling
With frowns and denial, still adverse remain;
Or Death from our grasp the loved treasure be stealing,
O hard is the trial! and bitter the pain!

"Yet there, even there, gentle Hope in soft measure,
May whisper some comfort, and shine on our tears,
May point to the future, or speak of past pleasure,
And promise the vision of long-vanished years:

"If severed by kindred, those kindred relenting,
May yield to the passion which time shall have tried;
If parted by fortune, kind fortune consenting,
May give to our prayers, what she once had denied:

"And ah! if we weep over her we hold dearest,
Laid low in the May-day of beauty and love,
One grief-soothing thought at that moment is nearest,
That soon we shall meet her in regions above;

"That rising from dust, still our spirits retaining
Each spotless affection that warmed them in life,
Shall find in that world where affection is reigning,
The soul its vowed partner, the husband his wife:

"But O! what a midnight of deep desolation
Still dwells in the breast slighted passion devours!
Nor Fancy, nor Hope, with their magic creation,
May gild for a moment the gloom of its hours!

"Then the world seems a dungeon all lonely and dreary,
Tho' peopled for others; (to them, gay and bright,)
The heart that is slighted, its pageantries weary,
And all its rare prospects are covered with night.

"What boots it, if Fortune her treasure bestowing,
Or Honor, or Fame, with their sunshine adorn;
Alas! their vain glare, Love's sad solitude showing,
But quickens the sense to its station forlorn!

"Not even the grave may sweet comfort awaken,
Or promise that blessing which fled us below;
In heaven as on earth, by the dear-one forsaken,
The same cruel fate must our tenderness know.—

"But why these complainings?—My country, I leave thee
To lose my sad self on a far distant ground!
O kindred! O home! of no joy I bereave ye,
For the gloom of my soul casts its shadow around!

"And thou, dearest! best! while my poor heart lies
bleeding,

It blames not the hand which inflicted the blow;
With no wrong I reproach thee, no cruel proceeding,
No smile hope-deceiving, to heighten the woe;

"Alas! to itself, this weak heart owes its ruin;
I loved thee unfavor'd, in silence and sighs,
Shall I dare then to say thou hast wrought my undoing,
Or claim thy free love as my right, and my prize?

"Ah no! be thou blameless; and all my accusing
Be turned on that fate which no mortal may move;
That fate which betrayed me to grief, by refusing
The charm that had won thee, and wak'd thee to love:

"Farewel then, thou dear one! and never, O never,
May pangs such as mine, near thy sweet bosom come!
May the choicest of blessings attend thee for ever,
While I wander far from thee, or rest in the tomb!"

Thus spoke a sad lover, as wild and despairing
He fixed a long look on the mountains remote,
Where dwelt his soul's idol, unconscious, uncaring,
His sorrows unpitied, his being forgot;

Thus spoke the sad lover, while fresh winds were speeding
The vessel that bore him o'er ocean afar;
Look, Exile! thy last, for the shores are receding,
They fade from thy vision! they melt into air!

ODE.

TO THE MEMORY OF A FRIEND.

WHILE fond affection still can weep,
While sad remembrance yet can keep
 An image in the soul,
So long, dear friend! my streaming tears
Shall mourn the few, the valued years,
 That fill thy life's short scroll.—

O Edward! by those hours so gay,
By many an eve, and many a day,
 Still passed with thee in mirth;
By all those walks we often chose
Beneath the trees, at day's soft close,
 When summer robed the earth!

By all those various acts so kind,
That live still present to my mind,
And rouse the pensive thought;
By many a laugh in happier hours,
By many a wreath of fav'rite flowers,
To me still duly brought!

I vow to prize thee still, tho' now
Beneath the cold and cheerless snow,
Thy lifeless form is laid;
I vow to think on thee, whene'er
In well-known scenes, new friends appear,
Scenes where with thee I've stray'd!

O much-esteem'd! these sadden'd eyes
Shall view where yonder lymes arise,
With renovated grief;
For there with thee, with spirits light,
I've marked the moon in summer night,
Silver the sighing leaf.

Still as I rove, and joyous talk
With some dear partner of my walk,
Who knew and loved thee well,
The scene, the friend, shall each recal
Those late-lost days, and tears shall fall
To break gay Pleasure's spell.

For O! while friendship, warm, sincere,
And manners gaily sweet, are dear,
That speak the social breast;
While Youth and Mirth may claim a sigh,
And artless, pure Philanthropy,
Is loved, adored, and blest;

So long with keen regret my heart
Shall mourn thy fate, and weep the dart
That struck thee to the earth;
So long, across my mind shall come
Full oft, the memory of thy doom,
The memory of thy worth!

SONNET.

WRITTEN ON THE SEA-SHORE.

WHEN hurrying by, the Genius of the blast
Snatcheth the wood-tops in his giant hand,
Then rushing o'er the low and shadowy sand,
Sweeps with his whirring wing, the ocean's waste;
O then, what gloomy luxury to stand
Watching the with'ring stars! to see them fling
Their dark red fire thro' black'ning clouds, which bring
Horror and tempest to the sleeping land!
What luxury to watch the dim-seen waves,
And hear their flashing billows lash the shore;
Thinking how many find in them their graves,
Who dream "of war and sorrow now no more;"
How many there, find toil and torture o'er,
Who groaned on earth, some fellow-mortal's slaves!

THE HUSBAND TO HIS WIFE.

THE circling years bring round again,
Life of my life! our wedding day,
While memory leads a misty train
Of fears and pains, long passed away;

With eyes which fond reflections fill,
Those half-forgotten pains I see,
And almost wish I felt them still,
Since it was sweet to weep for thee;

But if, (O strange, capricious heart!)
If to recal the past once more,
'Twere doomed that we again must part,
I'd spurn the boon I now implore:

188 THE HUSBAND TO HIS WIFE.

For tho' life's bloomy, vivid hours
 Be fading fast, tho' sudden joys
No longer thro' despondent showers,
 Tumultuous fire my ardent eyes;

Tho' I no longer see from far
 Thy figure, lighter than the air,
Bounding beneath the morning star,
 To meet me on the mountain there;

Yet do I find a softer grace
 The seat of that gay charm assume,
And milder, tenderer tints displace
 The richness of thy summer bloom.

Then, oft thy conscious beauty shot
 Triumphant shafts to quell the free;
Now, those dear eyes have quite forgot
 To shine for any one but me;

And tho' they now no lightnings dart,

Yet every beam is full of love;

And love is beauty's deathless part,

Its source, its soul, in realms above.—

I know that all thy wishes, thoughts,

Affections, hopes, are each mine own;

Devoted even to my faults,

And prizing life for me alone.

Then wherefore should I e'er regret

Those times when thou wast cold to this?

When as we parted, or we met,

I trembling snatched th' unwilling kiss?

Ah now, within my faithful arms

I press thee with a fonder thrill;

I see thy soul in fuller charms,

And think thy face unrivalled still!

LINES**TO THE MEMORY OF SIR JOHN MOORE.**

REST, honor'd dust! rise, gallant soul!

Tho' Time's still-deepening sea may roll,

And sweep with rushing flood away

The boasted pageants of a day;

Thy lofty fame shall proudly keep

Its laurelled summit o'er the deep,

Base Party's fiercest storm defy,

And lose its bright head in the sky!

THE TORCHES.

AN ALLEGORY.

DEEP in the bosom of a wood,

Where turtles found a leafy home,

In safe, romantic solitude,

Rose a fair temple's spotless dome:

There, by the chaste moon's trembling light,

A Vestal came, her vows to breathe,

And bless the God, whose statue bright,

Majestic stood that dome beneath.

Matchless the work!—the marble wore

Some mighty maker's stamp divine;

'Twas fabled that Prometheus bore

This treasure, from Olympus' shrine;

'Twas fabled, that each god had given
His heightening touch, with beauty fraught,
Breathed o'er the brow the glow of Heaven,
And stamped it with celestial thought.—

That beauteous work was now on earth,
And worshipped by one constant maid;
For none she deemed, of mortal birth
Could thus be sculptured, thus pourtray'd:

But who the God?—or Mind? or Love?
Or Goodness? Beauty? Truth? or Grace?
Or boundless Power? (eternal Jove)
Yet beamed not all, from that bright face!—

Those faultless limbs, that aspect sweet,
(Where every beauty seemed to live
The type of virtues more complete)
Might well some godlike title give.

Perfection be its name!—'tis done!

The Vestal, Friendship, worships here,
Learns every other shrine to shun,
And feels no other worship dear.

While all around, her myrtle's flowers,
Their changeless incense upward send,
And moonshine o'er her cedar bowers,
Bids gentle peace, and light descend;

The tender votary stands to trace,
And print *Perfection* on her mind,
Eager to copy every grace,
And leave earth's duller moulds behind.—

One dreary night, when all was dark,
Nor moon, nor stars from Heaven could look,
Nor glow-worm lend a transient spark,
Her guiding torch the Vestal took;

The winds were high, the air was cold,
It called the fresh blood to her cheek,
Scarce could her hand the flambeau hold,
Or shield it from the tempest bleak;

Young Love, that in a rose-bush lay,
Beheld her as she glided by;
He followed fast her hurried way,
He mark'd her path with anxious eye.—

Breathless with eagerness and haste,
The Virgin reached the statue's feet;
Her trembling arms those feet embraced,
Her breast against the altar beat:

Fatigued, o'erjoyed, her eyelids closed,
Each sense half-lost, observed no more;
Her cheek was on the base reposed,
And the sunk torch strange dimness wore.

But look! what instant brightness flames
From that pale torch? the sudden glare
Awakes the nymph; she starts, exclaims—
“O, even more than heavenly fair!”—

Snatched from the ground, and blazing high,
The lifted light distinctly shows
Each nicer charm, each softer dye,
Which thro’ the breathing marble glows.—

Fatal the light! Love’s cunning hand
Hath changed the torch, and fixed her doom:
Ah, wretched maid! his lurid brand
Will light, and lead thee to the tomb!

Too fond, Perfection’s finest line
To view entire, she bends to gaze;
The torch-rays thro’ her garments shine,
They glow, they sparkle, catch, and blaze!—

The temple with her shrieks is torn,
Destruction folds her round in fires;
On phoenix' wing gay Love is borne,
While Friendship in the blaze expires.

THE END.



